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# The American-Scandinavian Review

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## FINANCIAL NOTES

### BOLIDEN MINING COMPANY PAYS ITS FIRST DIVIDEND

The Boliden gold mine in northern Sweden recently paid its first dividend amounting to 10 per cent, from earnings of 8,130,000 kronor during 1932. The Boliden mine was one of the many enterprises dominated by the late Ivar Kreuger, but, in contrast to most of the companies involved in the Kreuger crash, the mine organization was kept intact, continuing to earn on the money invested. At the annual meeting of the company, 1,750,000 kronor was set aside as a reserve fund for tax purposes. The capital of the Boliden company is 42,000,000 kronor, and is divided into 84,000 A shares and 756,000 B shares. The reason why the stock of the Boliden Company has maintained its value is that the greater part of it is deposited with the Swedish National Bank as security for the credit extended the Kreuger organization.

### NORWAY ENACTS NEW CHECK REGULATIONS

A new Norwegian bank law has recently been passed which makes it a criminal offense to draw a check on a bank without having sufficient funds on deposit. If made out in Europe, or countries bordering on the Mediterranean, such checks must be cashed within twenty days. For other countries, the time limit is seventy days. If a bank certifies a check, it becomes responsible for its payment. The holder of a check which is not paid for lack of funds, may let it go to protest, or secure a statement from the bank that it has been presented for payment within the specified time.

### DANISH STATE RAILWAYS SHOW INCREASED DEFICITS

The government-owned railroads of Denmark continue to operate at a considerable loss, according to the latest reports issued by the Department. In a recent month the deficit amounted to 2,000,000 kroner, and for the ten months past the loss amounted to nearly 6,000,000 kroner, as compared to a surplus of 980,000 kroner for the corresponding period a year earlier.

### REDUCTION IN U.S. GOVERNMENT SECURITY HOLDINGS BY RESERVE BANKS

A recent development in the field of American finance was the action of the Federal Reserve Banks in permitting approximately \$88,000,000 of their government security holdings to run off without replacement. This reduction, according to the *Bulletin* issued by the National City Bank of New York, marks the first important decrease in these holdings since the Reserve Banks began their policy of accumulating government securities in the fall of 1929, just after the stock market crash of that year. At that time the policy was undertaken in the interest of easing the money market and facilitating liquidation. By the middle of 1931, holdings had been built up to approximately \$600,000,000; they were later increased to \$1,850,000,000 during the spring of 1932, when heavy purchases were made by the Reserve Banks for the

purpose of putting Federal Reserve funds in the market to offset the loss to member banks caused by gold exports and the domestic hoarding of currency.

### NATIONAL BANK OF NORWAY HAS INCREASED NET SURPLUS

At the annual meeting of Norges Bank, the National Bank of Norway, the board of directors reported net earnings of 8,408,474 kroner, as compared with 7,931,812 kroner in 1931. The stockholders receive a dividend of 8 per cent, while the government gets 700,000 kroner. The sum of 600,000 kroner was transferred to the building fund. The bank's reserve fund is 14,056,059 kroner.

### EAST ASIATIC COMPANY OF COPENHAGEN ISSUES ANNUAL REPORT

The East Asiatic Company of Copenhagen at the recent annual meeting of its stockholders reported that conditions were not yet sufficiently improved to permit the resumption of dividends. In accordance with the new currency regulations, 3,400,000 kroner were set aside for the purpose of foreign exchange requirements. The book value of the company's fleet is placed at 48,254,292 kroner. Despite the unsettled trade of the world, the company's ships earned a surplus of 3,303,032 kroner during the past year. The report deals in detail with the Far East situation, and describes how the political uncertainty in China has affected the company's branches in Shanghai, Hankow, and Tsingtau. The Manchurian agencies, on the other hand, such as in Harbin, Dalny, and Vladivostok, were less affected by the unrest. At the close of 1932 the East Asiatic Company's reserve fund amounted to 25,000,000 kroner.

### ICELAND FINDS NEED OF DRASTIC RETRENCHMENT

The Icelandic Althing has been presented with a financial program by the Government which reveals the great necessity for retrenchment in all directions. The budget is expected to balance with 11,800,000 kroner, of which 2,500,000 kroner go to the payment of interest and the reduction of the national debt. The 1931 budget balanced with 12,800,000 kroner. Of essential expenditures, 1,000,000 kroner will go for the construction of new roads, bridges, and telephone lines. There is to be no increase in taxes during the present fiscal year.

### LOW VALUE OF FINNISH MARK AIDS EXPORT SALES

The U.S. commercial attaché at Helsingfors, Osborn S. Watson, cables to the Department of Foreign and Domestic Commerce in Washington that the low exchange value of the Finnish mark enabled a number of the export industries to increase their sales in the foreign field. This lowering of the value of Finland's currency also stimulated a heavier domestic production than in 1931, through protection from import competition, so that marked gains were shown in the textile, foodstuffs, luxuries, and metal industries. As for the national budget, as passed by the Diet, it is estimated on revenues of 2,877,362,000 marks.

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## The Glamour of the North

*By* CHARLES WHARTON STORK

I HAVE OFTEN been asked how I learned Swedish. The answer is simple: I fell in love with it. One summer I took away with me to the seashore a grammar, a dictionary, and a volume of poems. After puzzling over the grammar for a week or so I picked up the poems to see whether they were near enough to German for me to give a guess at them. A short lyric attracted my attention. I struggled with it. I soon discovered that it had a fascinating lilt and an arresting thought. In a couple of days I had mastered it and rendered it freely into English verse. The translation was promptly printed by the AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW. In six months I had a volume accepted by Macmillan.

There is no denying that I had a good deal of luck. I was not only a good German scholar and an experienced verse translator, but I had picked up at the University of Munich a smattering of Teutonic philology. I was thus able to get the feel of Swedish words. Another fortunate thing was that the word order of Swedish is that of English and French; the complex, inverted sentences of German simply do not occur in it. But I still think the principal reason for my progress in this hitherto unknown tongue was the magic of the poetry itself. The volume I had with me was a selection from the lyrics of Gustaf Fröding, probably the sheerest poetic genius of the Western world since Walt Whitman. Fröding ranges from the pure folk-song quality of Burns and the ballad vigor of Kipling to a visionary ecstasy like that of Shelley. And the humor of him, and the pathos! It is impossible not to go a bit mad over Fröding, and therein he is typical of his land



and his race. There is a strange unaccountable attraction about them all, a beauty at once rugged and ethereal, like the midwinter aurora on the snow peaks or the midsummer afterglow on the black cliffs of a fjord. Coldness and passion, strength and delicacy, all carried as it were to the *n*th power—that is the Glamour of the North.

The most fascinating adventures of literature, as of life, are those one encounters by leaving the beaten path. The more one reads, the more one has the impression that popular fame is to a large degree a matter of chance. Throughout the seventeenth century Ben Jonson was pretty generally ranked above Shakespeare. Today Shakespeare is at least a thousand times better known. Yet Ben Jonson is a superb dramatist and a noble poet. Why multiply examples? And what applies to individuals applies also to nations. Success is determined less by intrinsic worth than by chance and fashion. It is both the duty and the privilege of the critic to revise the general verdict and in especial to present the claims of the neglected.

Scandinavia is off the beaten path geographically. It is not on the way to anywhere; it does not fit conveniently into the ordinary summer tour. Furthermore, it is deficient in associations and monuments of the past; it has little direct connection with the background of America. Nor has it the present-day dramatic interest which attaches to Russia or the lure of barbaric strangeness which draws the traveler to Asia and North Africa. For all of these reasons comparatively few Americans go to Norway, Sweden, and Denmark. Yet of those who do go in steadily increasing numbers I think hardly any are disappointed. Next to Spain possibly, Scandinavia holds the first place for surpassing the tourist's expectations.

What is the particular charm of Scandinavia that gives a new sensation to the most hardened sightseer? I have found it very hard to describe, as I have found it hard to describe the charm of Fröding's poetry. Other lovers of the viking North have confessed to the same difficulty. Perhaps the quality can only be suggested. Scandinavia has scenery, no doubt of that. The Norwegian fjords are among the most sublime spectacles in nature. And few cities are more attractively situated than Copenhagen and Stockholm. Never did my heart leap up for Naples or Constantinople as it did for my first vision of Stockholm with the festoon of lights that sparkled across the breadth of her leaping waters.

But the magic of Scandinavia is more subtle than that. It is spiritual, something partly of the landscape and partly of the people. Of all the Northland artists Grieg has probably caught it best in the wistful joy, the softly radiant pensiveness, of his songs. There is boisterousness

and gay color, such as Grieg puts into his peasant dances. But the prevalent mood is one of otherworldliness, of something momentary and elusive. Much has been said of the gloom of the North. That is there, too, from the pagan cruelty of the sagas to the introspective grimness of the egoists in Ibsen's plays. But the spirituality conquers it, rises above it. Balzac tried to convey the mystery of the Scandinavian soul in his curious novel *Seraphita*, and failed. The only way I can find is to offer a translation of one of Fröding's peasant poems, in the hope that what has been preserved of the rhythm, the verbal melody, will convey what is incommunicable in prose.

### THE DANCE BY THE ROADSIDE

*They danced by the roadside on Saturday night,  
And the laughter resounded to left and to right,  
With shouts of "Hip, hip!" and of "Hey!"  
Nils Utterman, famed as a queer old freak,  
Sat there and made his accordion squeak  
With doodely, doodely, day!*

*There was Cottage Bess—whose attractions are many,  
She is pretty and slim, though she hasn't a penny,  
She's brimful of mischief and fun.  
There was Christie—the wild, independent young lassie!  
And Biddy of Finnthorpe, and Tilly, and Cassie,  
And rollicking Meg o' the Run.*

*There was Pete o' the Ridge and Gus o' the Rise—  
Who are nimble at tossing a girl to the skies  
And at catching her when she comes down.  
There was Phil o' the Croft and Nick o' the Flume,  
And Tommy the Soldier, and Jimmy the Groom,  
And Karl-John of Taylortown.*

*They danced as with bodies of tow set afire,  
All jumping like grasshoppers higher and higher,  
And heel it rang sharp upon stone.  
The coat-tails they fluttered, the aprons they flew,  
And braids were a-flapping and skirts flung askew,  
While the music would whimper and drone.*

*Then in birch, or in alder, or hazel thicket  
There was whispering light as the chirp of a cricket  
From the depths of the darkness near.*

*Over stock, over stone, there was flight and pursuing,  
And under green boughs there was billing and cooing—  
"If you want me, come have me right here!"*

*Over all lay the twinkling, star-lovely night;  
In the wood-bordered bay a shimmery light  
Fell soft on the waves as they broke.  
A breeze, clover-laden, was borne from the meadow,  
And a whiff from the firs and the pines that o'ershadow  
The hills with their resinous cloak.*

*A fox lent his voice to the din of the crew,  
And out of the brambles an owl cried "Oohoo!"  
But they heard not, they heeded not, they.  
"Oohoo!" from Goat Mountain the echo cried,  
And to Utterman's doodling faintly replied  
With a doodely, doodely, day!*

What will, I believe, most surprise the readers of this or any of Fröding's poems is its sensitiveness, its delicacy of perception. We do not ordinarily associate these qualities with Scandinavia. What we first attribute to the vikings and their descendants is brutal and reckless courage. That this primitive virtue is still extant we have sufficient proof in the achievements of Nansen, Amundsen, Sven Hedin, Steffansson, and Lindbergh. That we think less of the other side is due, I think, to the fact that of recent Scandinavian literature we are most familiar with the Norwegians and, among Swedish authors, with Strindberg. Ibsen is full of subtle nature poetry, and even Strindberg has a tenderly dreamlike phase, but these things are less generally known.

I recall now that the first impression I had of the true Scandinavian character was many years ago in H. H. Boyesen's *Boyhood in Norway* and *Norseland Tales*, two of the best juveniles ever written. There was plenty of rough and startling adventure in them, but what particularly fascinated me was their sentiment, in the best sense of the word. I cannot remember any other boy's book that made me want to cry. The same thing happened when I read to my eldest boy, Francis, the death of the mother bear from Bengt Berg's *The Motherless*. Francis was a most unliterary, tough-minded boy, but something in the simple truth of the style got under his skin. That is what the Scandinavians do to one, they render the facts of life so unaffectedly that there is no resisting them.

The Danes and Swedes are in general more sympathetic and less rugged than the Norwegians. We need but remind ourselves that Hans Christian Andersen was a Dane. Where in all literature is there a more appealing fancy and humor than his? Among the modern Swedes we have Selma Lagerlöf casting over us her half-legendary spell. Ellen Key, the great pioneer feminist, was another naïvely gentle spirit. As one comes to know Scandinavia more intimately, one discovers that such writers as these are quite as typical as Knut Hamsun and Sigrid Undset.

But a characteristic of Scandinavian life and art even more important than their virility or delicacy has still to be mentioned. This is their first-hand quality, their autochthonous freshness. Modern culture, coming rather late and suddenly upon the Scandinavian people, caught them in a naïve stage. Their expression was therefore singularly undiluted by that of other nations. The situation is similar to that of England in the Elizabethan era. The Renaissance dawned upon England when her national life was at its best and the result was a literature full of enthusiasm and originality. Thus in modern Scandinavian literature and painting we are instantly aware of a new message, something that has not been said before. We have had the same thing from Russia, to be sure, but just now Russia is being a little overdone. There are still many important Scandinavian writers and artists of whom we in America know almost nothing. It was only two years ago that we first heard of the sculpture of Carl Milles. Bruno Liljefors, the greatest of all painters of wild animals, is hardly a name to us. And last year when the Nobel Prize for Literature was awarded to the poet Erik Axel Karlfeldt, we were completely unprepared.

Over Karlfeldt we must pause, he is so typical of the whole matter in hand. Sprung of peasant stock in Dalecarlia, the heart of Sweden, he became the spokesman of his province and rivaled even Fröding in popular favor. Better balanced mentally than Fröding, he seldom lets his individuality appear in his work. Though his impulse is of the soil, he is a master of versecraft. It is as if he had the soul of a Burns and the technic of a Tennyson. There is a curious pride and reticence in his poetry, as in the man. He is the only writer who ever refused the Nobel Prize, for he was awarded it ten years ago and declined because he thought the literary world would say that the Swedes were giving themselves too many prizes. When in the spring of 1931 he retired from the Swedish Academy, which awards the prize, he was persuaded by the late Archbishop Söderblom to reconsider his decision.

No one, except perhaps Grieg, has caught the spirit of Scandinavia more perfectly than Karlfeldt. His poetry is often rather compressed



and involved, like the beauty it describes, so that it needs to be read carefully for its overtones. Take the following stanza from "Song After Harvest":

*Fridolin dances free,  
He is filled with the memory  
Of his sire and grandsire who danced there long  
Before to that old melody.  
Ye sleep now, ye sires, on the festival night,  
And stilled is the hand that could fiddle with might,  
For your life—like your day—is a murmuring song  
Which echoes a wistful delight.*

This brings out still another phase of the Glamour of the North: it is full of tradition. This is not to be found, as elsewhere in Europe, in medieval buildings. There are few really impressive cathedrals and castles in Scandinavia. But the past is deeply impressed on the souls of the people. The glory of the old days is ever present. As Verner von Heidenstam writes,

*The cowbells ring where heroes used to stand.*

Heidenstam himself is peculiarly a celebrator of the past, ranking very close to Tolstoi as a master of the historical novel. His *Charles Men*, a group of stories centering in the figure of Charles XII, reincarnates the spirit of the ancient sagas. What he does for kings and chieftains Karlfeldt does for the peasant who fought under their banners and who at the same time preserved another and deeper tradition—that of love for the soil he cultivated. Be it remembered that with all their roving the Scandinavians have lived longer without foreign admixture in the lands they now occupy than any other people in Europe. One needs not only to freshen up one's history but to sharpen one's imagination in order to get the full flavor of the Northland.

I began this essay not as a treatise on Scandinavian art and character but as the record of a personal passion. May I be permitted to go back to where I broke off? The reception of my Fröding volume, despite the many imperfections which were uncovered, led me to undertake an anthology of Swedish lyrics. In the fulfillment of this larger order I discovered half-a-dozen other poets of major importance and forty or fifty more who deserved to be included. In fact, as a whole, Swedish lyric poetry during the past hundred and fifty years is not greatly inferior to English during the same period. If the quantity is less, the quality is astonishingly high. And all this varied wealth of



beauty had been utterly unknown to me until that fateful morning when I first picked up the volume of Fröding. My third venture was a selection of the poems of Heidenstam, who is in verse a sort of Browning for intellectual power and color intensity. I later translated three volumes of his historical fiction.

By this time Sweden had become to me what England is to most of us, "the home and haven of my longing" (the words again are Heidenstam's). It was full of association for me. I wanted to see these peasants in the colorful costumes painted by Zorn, to visit the scenes described by Fröding and Karlfeldt, above all to meet such of the writers as were still living. Accordingly, in the spring of 1920 I sailed for Gothenburg and, after a short delay caused by bumping into an iceberg, arrived safely.

It is not my intention to describe my trip with any detail. I had the honor of meeting and talking at some length with Heidenstam, Karlfeldt, Selma Lagerlöf, Archbishop Söderblom, and H.R.H. Prince Gustaf Adolf. The hospitality of Sweden was a revelation to me. Furthermore, I found in Stockholm one of the best friends that any human being could be privileged to have, as twelve years of steady correspondence has proved. I heard the best of music, saw wonderful modern pictures by artists I had hardly heard of. But to sum up the whole experience, what I took away with me was the realization that the Glamour of the North was not an idle dream. On the contrary, elusive as it was, it came to mean to me as much as the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome. I had spent more time on Latin and Greek than I had on Swedish, had lived in both Greece and Italy longer than I had in Scandinavia, so the test was a fair one.

I have been dwelling on Sweden to the exclusion of Norway and Denmark, because it was not till I visited Scandinavia that I had any knowledge of Norwegian or Danish. When I went to Copenhagen, one of the most delightfully quaint cities imaginable, I got a Danish newspaper and to my joy found I could read it. That day I bought a volume of Danish love lyrics and a dictionary. Did I get a grammar then? If I did, I didn't pay much attention to it. The same evening I translated a poem. I had a letter to Johannes V. Jensen, poet and novelist, probably the most important living writer of Denmark. When I called upon him, the first question I asked was whether Danish lyric poetry was as fine as Swedish. I shall never forget his gesture of deprecation at the comparison, which suggested the whole story without a word. It said: "Oh, no, we cannot compete with the Swedes. We have little of their brilliance and fire. Our poetry is very quiet, very simple, very homely—but very human." It was years before I came to understand

what he meant. In the end I yielded completely to the charm of the Danish lyric. As Edmund Gosse says, there is no poetry in the world with quite the innocence of the Danish. It has a peculiar gentleness, as if moist winds were breathing through it. There are important exceptions, notably the passionate love poems of Holger Drachmann, but as a whole it has a sweetness, a sadness that would be cloying were they not so utterly sincere.

Mr. Jensen told me that the greatest living poet of Denmark was Count Ludvig Holstein. I promptly obtained his slender volume, *Apple Time*, from which I translated liberally. Were I to compile a book of the world's hundred best lyrics, I should certainly include his

#### FATHER, WHERE DO THE WILD SWANS GO?

*Father, where do the wild swans go?  
Far, far. Ceaselessly winging,  
Their necks outstraining, they haste them singing  
Far, far. Whither, none may know.*

*Father, where do the cloud-ships go?  
Far, far. The winds pursue them  
And over the shining heaven strew them  
Far, far. Whither, none may know.*

*Father, where do the days all go?  
Far, far. Each runs and races—  
No one can catch them, they leave no traces—  
Far, far. Whither, none may know.*

*But father, we—where do we then go?  
Far, far. Our dim eyes veiling,  
With bended head we go sighing, wailing  
Far, far. Whither, none may know.*

When I returned to Copenhagen three years later and showed my translation to Count Holstein, I received the most touching tribute I have ever had when he said in tones of happy surprise: "Why, you've kept the music!"

My first-hand acquaintance with Norwegian literature came after my return to America. For a number of years I translated Swedish novels and short stories, particularly the work of Hjalmar Söderberg, a sceptical humorist who has been well called the Anatole France of Sweden. I did an anthology of short stories containing all types from

the most highly finished, such as those of Per Hallström, to the broadly humorous and daringly realistic. Then suddenly a publisher wrote to inquire if I could translate Norwegian. Like the Irishman who was asked whether he could play the fiddle, I didn't know, having never tried. I requested the publisher to send me the book.

A summer's work proved that I could translate Norwegian, for there was the novel in English, and furthermore the author, an Americanized viking, wrote me that it was better in the new form than in the old. However that was, I had obtained a new angle on the Glamour of the North. The Norwegians, as they will admit without much urging, are the most virile of the three Scandinavian nations. Possibly they are the most virile of any nation today. Strength, crude strength, and searching soul-analysis—these are what have made Norwegian literature world known. The artistic finish of the Swedes, the mild domesticity of the Danes are seldom found in them. Beauty for its own sake is less in evidence. But courage is there, truth is there, and rough humor often relieves the stridency of the themes. Here in a poem of Ibsen is the best account of artistic creation that I know:

#### POWER OF MIND

*Do you know the animal trainer's trick  
Of teaching a bear so the lesson will stick?*

*He chains the beast in a brewing-kettle  
Then lights a fire close under the metal.*

*Meanwhile he cranks an organ that wheezes  
"My heart's as light as the summer breeze is."*

*Poor Bruin, tortured half out of his senses,  
Can't keep still, so perforce he dances.*

*And whenever he hears that tune repeat,  
A devil of dancing goes into his feet.*

*I've stood in a red-hot kettle, too,  
What a blast of music the organ blew!*

*The pain burned into me to the quick,  
And that's the way I was taught my trick.*

*With the sound of that music my feet grow hot  
As if I was tied in the glowing pot.*

*At the root of my nails is a piercing pain—  
And I have to start dancing in verse again.*

As Danish literature is not without strength, so Norwegian is not without tenderness, as witness Wergeland's deathbed poem "To a Gillyflower," another immortal lyric. It is, however, in realistic prose drama and fiction that Norway is preeminent.

As I think of the three Scandinavian countries in comparison with each other, I find them markedly different. It has been cleverly noted that the character of their landscape corresponds to the character of their speech. The Danish language is a bit monotonous, unemotional; the Swedish has a beautiful cadence, like the rolling farmland where most of the population is; the Norwegian speech is sharp up and down. The Danes are social and practical, unobtrusive but good mixers and excellent business men. The Swedes are aristocratic, beauty-loving, cosmopolitan in the upper classes, and fond of display. The Norwegians are men's men, assertively provincial and unconciliatory. I should prefer a Dane for the everyday give-and-take of life, a Swede for a friend, and a Norwegian to stand beside me in a fight. I confess to a personal partiality for the Swedes. That I was given a decoration and, on my second visit, a private audience with H.M. King Gustaf, may have prejudiced me a little.

But when I think of the Scandinavians with reference to the world in general, I see them as a whole, as the Northland. I love them all as, with the English, I love the Yorkshire man and the Devonshire man. The Northland has opened to me a new joy, something I would I might transmit to others far better than I can have done in this brief article. For such an undertaking the method neither of the guidebook nor of the gossip writer seemed appropriate. As noted, one must make an effort to get to the Scandinavians either physically or spiritually. I have tried to show how comparatively slight this effort was on my part and how abundantly it was rewarded. Fortunately the interest in Scandinavia is growing rapidly, and good translations are making more and more of its literature available to readers of English. Still to appreciate this literature a special attitude of mind, a special mood is needed. The same thing is true of any foreign literature; one needs to sense its environment and its background. That is what I have tried to do here for Scandinavia. The reader, the traveler likes to know in a general way what to look for. If he anticipates a trip to Scandinavia, let me advise him to look for the Glamour of the North.



A STORK'S NEST IN THE OLD TOWN OF RIBE, WHERE THE MARSHY MEADOWS MAKE A HAVEN OF REFUGE FOR THE PICTURESQUE AND POPULAR BIRDS

## The Stork, the Sacred Bird of Denmark

*By* BERNT LÖPPENTHIN

**I**T IS lovely in Denmark when the woods are clad in summer verdure, when the hay is being hauled home from luscious meadows, the grain waving in the fields, and the lark warbling exultantly high up under the cloudless heavens, while the ever-watchful peewit follows with her screams the man who is strolling across the meadows. Not before he is at a safe distance from her nesting place does she quiet down. He continues his walk to the pasture where the young cattle come galloping after him and shuffle at his heels till he reaches the barbed-wire fence which the man can cross but they can not. In the marl pit a wild duck lies chattering with its ducklings, but they hastily retire to the shelter of the green growth along the edge of the water, where the bog-thrush was trilling its song; it is silent for a moment, and then sings again as gaily as before.



There he comes sailing on broad wings, Stork lanky-leg with the red breeches. With beak stretched out before him and legs thrust out behind, he steers his course straight to the meadow, for he is out foraging. He sits down and begins to move softly about looking for something edible. Suddenly he stops, makes a lightning quick dash with his head, and the next moment a field mouse is seen helplessly struggling in his merciless pincers. There is plenty of room for the mouse and much more in the stork's big gizzard. If you approach, he will make two or three clumsy hops and then spread his huge wings; for although he is familiar with human beings and has his nest on an old cart wheel on top of the farmer's roof, he objects very much to being patted. So he flies away with a few quiet strokes of his wings, and settles down by a slight depression in the meadow, where the water has gathered and some frogs are sunning themselves on its surface. When they catch sight of the stork they quickly dive to the bottom. A snake, which is also out after the frogs, glides through the grass, but the stork will not tolerate this competitor in business, and quickly pounces on it. The snake writhes and struggles, but in vain, and ten minutes later Stork-Father appears at the nest with the half-dead snake in his beak. This is by no means pleasing to the lady of the house. She loves her storks, but she wishes they would confine their foraging to frogs, lizards, mice, and moles, and is not anxious to have "varmints" dropping down on her head from her own roof. But the young storks greedily devour the snake, and that is an end of that.

On an estate in southern Sjælland there have been storks as far back as the oldest inhabitant can remember. Each spring they were anxiously awaited, not least by the children, and then one fine day in April we would come out and see Stork-Father on his nest resting after his long journey. He would stand immovable, with neck drawn in, and one leg tucked up under him, and did not seem to mind it a bit when the children sang Ingemann's song:

*Stork, stork, lanky-leg,  
Where is the luck you bring?  
Are you hiding it with your leg  
Tucked slyly under your wing?*

*Stork, stork, long were you gone—  
Where have you been the while?  
Did you see King Pharaoh's lofty stone,  
Did you walk in the boggy Nile?*



THE STORK IS NOT CONFINED TO OLD CHURCH TOWERS AND MOSS-GROWN ROOFS, BUT HAS AN EYE FOR MODERN PROGRESS, AS WE SEE FROM THE PAIR NESTING ON TOP OF A FACTORY CHIMNEY WHERE WORK IS AT A STANDSTILL.

*Stork, stork, say it is you  
Who bring sweet babes to our mother?  
Is it a sister with eyes of blue,  
Or is it a dear little brother?*

The male would usually arrive a few days before the female, but when at last she made her appearance, there was rejoicing, not least on top of the thatched roof, where it seemed that the cackling would never end. The curious cackling of the stork is produced by quickly rapping the upper part of the beak with the sharp edge of the lower, while the bird rapidly moves its head backward and forward. The young sometimes emit some whinnying shrieks when they want to be fed, but the older birds find their voice only in a kind of hoarse call something like that of angry geese, and this they use when they are attacked by stranger storks who want to drive them away from their nest. These stork fights are by no means uncommon, and it happens that the young of the year are lost in the scuffle.

As soon as they arrive at their old home, the storks begin to repair their nest, with the result that it sometimes attains enormous dimen-

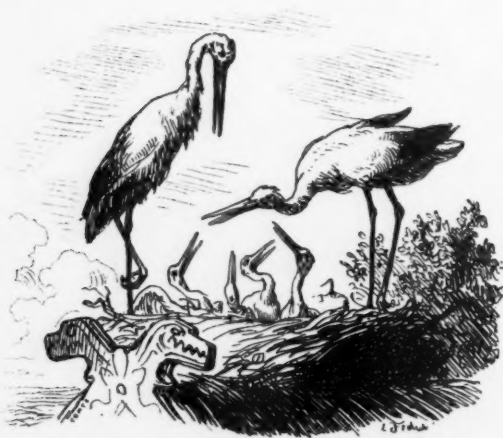


ILLUSTRATION BY LORENZ FRÖLICH FOR ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALE *The Storks*

"The Mother-Stork sat in the nest with her four young ones, who stretched out their heads with the pointed black beaks, for they had not turned red yet."

make a pair of storks leave their nest and their young. An instance of this was seen on the south Sjælland estate mentioned above. An old barn with one of those fine thatched and gabled roofs which are, alas, more and more disappearing from the Danish landscape was to be torn down to give way to a more modern structure. What was to become of the storks?—was the question that agitated everybody. Normally of course the nest had been quite unapproachable by human beings, but as the work of demolition went on, the men often had to go quite close to it. Still the female sat quietly on her eggs, until it became necessary to move the nest. It was so large that it could not be removed in toto, but the outer branches were carefully detached, and then the central part of the nest with the cart wheel on which it had originally rested was removed to another much lower roof. Stork-Father

sions. The outer part is made of the branches of trees, but the inner part is lined with sod or some other soft material. In fact one stork's nest in northern Sjælland was found upon investigation to contain a well stocked dry goods store, consisting of one cap, three neckties, two leather belts with buckles, and last but not least a pair of cotton breeches which a man in the neighborhood had been accused of stealing. It should be said, however, that such thieving storks are rare.

It takes a great deal to



ILLUSTRATION BY LORENZ FRÖLICH FOR ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALE *The Storks*

"I know the pond in which all the little mortals lie till the stork comes and brings them to their parents,' said the Mother-Stork."

didn't like it and flew away, but Stork-Mother continued to sit until she was frightened by a great piece of timber falling down near her. Then she too felt she had had enough. She flew up, circled around the nest a few times, and then disappeared in the direction of the woods.

Months passed, and the big timbered barn had risen on the site of the old. A new cart wheel had been placed over one of the gables, and next summer, in spite of the altered surroundings, the storks gladly accepted the invitation, built their nest, and hatched their young. But their troubles were not ended. On a July day in 1929 the new barn caught fire and was quickly consumed. The poor young storks were gasping for air, and the parents made desperate attempts to get them, but then a great volley of smoke burst out and they were forced to draw back, while the little ones were soon suffocated. Yet two years later the storks were back and hatching their young on the farm once more.

In spite of such mishaps, the white stork chooses to build its nest near the homes of men. Its cousin the black stork, on the other hand, nests far from human haunts and will not tolerate any disturbance. This stork is now almost extinct in Denmark. Nor are the white storks as numerous as they were. In Denmark, as in many other countries, the stork is regarded as sacred and inviolable. He who either wilfully or accidentally kills a stork will find that things will be made very unpleasant for him. Many traditions are attached to the stork. A stork's nest on the roof brings luck to those who live in the house. It is important whether you first see the stork sitting down or flying when it returns in the spring; if the latter, you are to travel in the coming year. It is curious how widely disseminated is the tale that the stork brings the little children; the belief is current even in the northern part of Scandinavia where the stork is never seen. Only in Denmark and southern Sweden does it hatch its young, but even there it is much rarer than it used to be, so that we cannot say it gives character to the landscape anywhere except in parts of Jutland. As late as toward the end of the nineteenth century there were colonies of from fifteen to forty pair in places where we now see only two or three. Very few homes can now boast of more than one stork's nest on the roof.

Who is to blame? The storks are never hunted in any of the countries where they hatch, and those that die by accident are so few as to be negligible. It is more likely therefore that they die in their winter quarters or on the journey. It was long a Danish tradition that the stork spent its winters in the land of the pyramids, but through a system of marking with aluminum rings around the feet of the birds, established about thirty years ago by H. Chr. Mortensen, it has been found that they traverse the entire length of the continent of Africa

twice a year and actually spend their winters in the South. These aluminum rings around the legs of birds killed or found dead always attract attention and rouse curiosity. They are usually shown to some one who can interpret the inscription, and so, after a longer or shorter time, the ring will be returned to the native country of the stork. This often happens by devious ways, as once when a female stork was sold by a native in South Africa to a British officer, and it was found that the bird had a ring around its leg which had been placed on a stork whose cradle had stood on the roof of a Jutland farm.

The British colonists regard the stork as "the locust bird." It is no doubt true that storks feed upon locusts, and it is quite possible that many of them die from the effects of the arsenate of lead that is put out to poison these pests. It is reported that they often lie dead in numbers after a poison campaign against the locusts.

The stork is regarded with so much affection and is so picturesque a part of our landscape that it has very naturally attracted the poets. Ingemann and Jeppe Aakjær have both been very fond of the stork, but the writer who has done most to immortalize it is Hans Christian Andersen. Even though his ornithology is at fault, as he makes the stork "talk Egyptian" and eat frogs on the shores of the Nile—while actually it is eating locusts in South Africa—that does not make his stories less captivating. There is not only the fairy tale *The Storks*, but in *The Marsh King's Daughter* the storks literally carry the story, and they are almost human in their thoughts. Stork-Father looks at life in an idealistic way; he is not afraid to do something for others, and thinks less of his own profit. Stork-Mother, on the other hand, thinks of the advancement of the children and the honor of the family. Both are magnificent creations.

The stork is indeed loved in our small, densely populated land. It is the bird of the people, the bird of peace, which confidently sits down on the farmer's roof or hatches its young in an unused chimney in the middle of town. Happily it still nests in Denmark with a fair degree of frequency. Let us hope that the time may be immeasurably distant when it no longer shall strut in our meadows or cackle merrily outside of our windows.



# FAMOUS PAINTINGS IN THE NATIONAL MUSEUM AT OSLO

Notes by JOHAN H. LANGAARD

V. *Spring*, by Edvard Munch

While Norwegian art was devoting itself with almost scientific objectivity to the modern depiction of milieu, Edvard Munch appeared on the scene with his subjective point of view and his sensitive apprehension of mood. Color with him took on a more spiritual, more fluent quality. The motif is developed in expressive arabesques enclosed by a broadly massed and rhythmically emphasized line. These qualities have already begun to appear in one of the masterpieces from Munch's youth, *Spring*.

An old woman sits knitting industriously beside the chair of a young girl. The girl is convalescent and is enjoying the mild spring air that streams into the room at the open window. A bureau, a chair—that is all that goes to make up this large canvas. Nevertheless, in spite of this simplicity, radiant hope has never been more fully communicated in art.

Edvard Munch was born at Hedemarken in 1863. He grew up in Christiania where Christian Krohg instructed him for a few months in 1882. But no teacher has had any very profound influence on his development. In all essentials he is self-taught.

No name in Norwegian art has been the target for more abuse than Edvard Munch's, but neither has any flown farther or more victoriously beyond the boundaries of Norway. To characterize the influence he has exercised one might perhaps say that it has been rather of an intellectual than of a formal nature. It is as a unique example of independence and true artistic power that Munch has conquered the world. He inaugurated a revival in art which has been no less epoch-making abroad than at home.



"SPRING," BY EDVARD MUNCH

## General Grant in Norway

By GERHARD GADE

As American Consul in Christiania for many years, Gerhard Gade entertained visiting Americans, and he could do this the more easily as his wife was an American, the former Miss Allyne of Cambridge; hence the reference to his English speech having been "edited by Mamma." When Mr. Gade was an old gentleman his children asked him to write his reminiscences so that the future generations, living far from the old home at Frogner, might know something of their Norwegian grandfather. The REVIEW owes to his son, Mr. John A. Gade, of New York, the privilege of printing the part of Consul Gade's reminiscences relating to the visit of General Grant.

GENERAL ULYSSES GRANT, after crushing the Rebellion, had twice been President of his country. As he was badly in need of a rest after his busy war- and peace-time life, and his second presidential term was over, he left Philadelphia in May 1877 starting east on a trip around the world.

Queen Victoria honored him in a fitting manner when he reached London, but as a natural result of the verdict of the Alabama Claims Tribunal, the English did not receive him with either warmth or enthusiasm. He ended his short visit to the Continent by a stay with his brother-in-law, the Reverend Mr. Cramer, whom he had appointed as United States Minister to Denmark a few years previously.

The Department of State in Washington had issued a circular letter to all American representatives in Europe, informing them of General Grant's proposed trip and instructing them to receive him with every courtesy. I scarcely needed the latter injunction, were he to come my way. This he fortunately did, for I received word from Copenhagen that he and his wife would arrive in Christiania a few days later by the Danish boat. I decided to welcome the Americans in Horten, and my friend Christian Friele, editor of *Morgenbladet*, having insisted that I take along one of his reporters, we two left the capital together.

Next morning the Copenhagen boat, with the Stars and Stripes at its masthead, steamed up to the little Dröbak pier and, after boarding the vessel, I sent my card to the celebrated passengers, who were not as yet on deck. It was not long, however, before I had a chance to welcome them. Grant greeted me with his quiet, self-contained expression, and introduced me to Mrs. Grant. She was far from showy, but seemed kindly, and was always treated most considerately by her husband.

During the lovely summer morning both they and I enjoyed the sail up the fjord to Christiania, where a large crowd had assembled to catch

a glimpse of the celebrated fighter. Fortunately the police were out in force, so that the crowd was kept in order and a space left open where we were to land and where first of all Mrs. Grant was greeted with a bouquet of the finest Frogner flowers handed her by my wife. Our very best equipage with the footman on the box drove us to Victoria Hotel, which was decorated with an enormous American flag while old Persen stood bowing until his forehead almost touched the sidewalk.

Before taking the visitors home to the soupé that was to be held in their honor at Frogner, I decided to drive them out to Bygdö and Oscarsholm, which were then the very best we had to offer in the environs of Christiania.

When the General stood beside me on top of Oscarsholm's tower, with Frognerkilen and the fjord and the mountain slopes around us, all bathed in the lovely afternoon light, he expressed his satisfaction at his first glimpse of my country.

I soon noticed how remarkably taciturn and undemonstrative he was, but reasoned that this was only natural in one who had spent so much of his life in critical situations and amid great responsibilities. When I looked at his head, which was well placed on his strong torso, I had to acknowledge to myself that the expression of his face was typically that of a commander. We discussed a short trip which the General wanted to make into the interior of the country, and which he hoped to combine with a little fishing in our rivers. As I knew the last was not so easy to arrange overnight, I described smaller excursions which we could make from the capital and which would give him some idea of the country's wonderful scenery.

The American flag was of course waving at Frogner and the children, who were waiting in a row in front of the main entrance, welcomed



CONSUL GERHARD GADE

the General by shouting "Hurrah!" General Grant, who was a tender-hearted and loving father, seemed pleased at this homage and kissed the little ones affectionately, after which we went up to the piazza where a group of our English-speaking friends were assembled to meet him. I had invited, among others, Director of Railroads Carl Pihl and his wife, and General Wergeland, the stately commandant of the Fortress of Akershus. I spoke a few words of greeting which Mamma had edited, but the General, with his usual taciturnity, found it unnecessary to reply.

The soupé over, we were informed that the Students' Choir, which was leaving that same evening for Paris, wanted to compliment General Grant with a few songs. My nephew, Dr. Fredrik Gade, who was one of the students, had conceived the happy idea, and in a few English words brought the General the welcome of the students. I had a faint suspicion that the General was not a particular admirer of vocal music, but the rest of us enjoyed the young well trained voices which were soon to be heard in the Trocadéro.

Early next morning the General decided to go at once upon the trip I suggested, and which was to include Ringerike and a part of Telemarken. I intimated by degrees to Mrs. Grant that the General ought to leave behind him in Christiania an insolent and worthless courier whom they had brought along from Germany and who knew absolutely nothing. This was agreed, so that when we left the Victoria Hotel in the afternoon, the party consisted of General and Mrs. Grant and myself and the maid, who sat up on the box beside the coachman.

We reached Sandviken in good spirits and came over Sollihögda to the mountain glen directly above the surface of Tyrifjord. A good dinner and comfortable quarters were waiting for us at Glatved's Hotel at Hønefos, and with the great waterfall in front of us, we finished the day in rustic peace.

Next morning we continued over Modum to Haugesund and from there to Kongsberg. The railroad had, upon my request, given us a private car, and though it was poorly equipped, still it saved us from the intrusion of strangers. At the hotel in Kongsberg the General enjoyed very much the fresh lake trout which was served for dinner. We continued to Hitterdal in glorious sunshine.

Twenty-five years ago, the country inns were still very primitive, and they were particularly poor in Telemarken. As there were no telephones, I had been unable to order our night's lodgings at Miss Holst's little inn at Hitterdal. We found that some young Englishmen occupied the desirable rooms upstairs. Good advice was precious, and as it was too late to drive on, I felt I would have to tackle the Englishmen.



Consequently I crept up the steep ladder which served as a stair and, appealing to the magnanimity of the Englishmen, begged them to give up the rooms to the renowned guest who was waiting downstairs. I was more than relieved when I saw the Britishers pack up their kits and move down into the crowded quarters below.

Next morning I found the General sitting on the porch and, as usual, with a cigar in his mouth, quietly watching the farmers who were haying on the slopes on the other side of the road. "Mr. Gade," said the General, "those fellows over there, whom I have been watching for a long time, work frightfully slowly—I would guarantee to do the work myself in half the time. Yet they are probably both decent and honest workmen—at least if I should judge them by such Norwegian laborers as I have known and been with in my old home in the West."

I answered that the Norwegian dilatoriness generally vanished when it came in contact with American efficiency and energy.

The General took a carriage while Mrs. Grant and I with the maid followed in a carriage. After having had our tea with the droll old Ole Bolkesjö, who appeared in national costume, and told us how he had entertained the German Crown Prince Friederich (when he traveled in Telemarken after King Oscar's coronation in 1873) we finally reached Kongsberg, where as good quarters were awaiting us as we might expect in a little mining town.

Next morning the General complained that he had a headache and that he had slept badly. He did not want to continue at once to Christi-



THE PHOTOGRAPH WHICH GENERAL GRANT PRESENTED  
TO CONSUL GADE

ania, but preferred to remain quietly at Kongsberg. Horses were countermanded, and the General and I went out for a stroll. By degrees he became more communicative and talked about his own personal affairs at home in America. He deplored the heavy taxes he was obliged to pay on property which had been given him at the end of the Civil War. He never said a word, however, about the war itself or anything about his activities as President.

As it was a hot day and we came to a shower with cool water from the river, I suggested to the General that he should take a bath, which might possibly rid him of his headache. He refused, but insisted that I should take one, saying that he would wait while I was being cooled off. Nothing in our companionship touched me more than that this remarkable and lovable gentleman should be willing to stroll about in the suburbs of Kongsberg and wait for this insignificant foreigner. But that was the way he wanted it, and I was forced to agree.

After dinner at the hotel the General decided upon the afternoon train to Christiania. Quite a crowd had collected at the station where Mrs. Grant received a bouquet of flowers and all of us a salute from a small nearby battery.

The greater part of the population of Drammen seemed to be afoot when we arrived at this station. A large deputation of citizens surrounded our car, headed by an English-speaking leader, dressed in his Sunday best. He made a long speech to the General, followed by the cheers of the populace. Grant replied by a bow.

As we rolled along, it was easy to see how poorly he felt. Despite this, I felt obliged to beg him show himself at the window to the crowds who had waited patiently for a glimpse of him. He was so good-natured as to do so.

He lay stretched out on the seat with his head on his wife's shoulder, she looking at him affectionately. Finally she said in an ingratiating voice, either forgetting that I was really a stranger or, for the time being, regarding me as one of her intimates: "Ulysses, what a lovely head you have."

Grant merely answered by a little grunt, which did not seem to come from an appreciative heart.

Soon she made another sentimental remark. "You should part your hair in the middle," she said, "and you would look even handsomer than you do."

This was too much for him, so he answered dryly: "You had better ask Mr. Gade to part *his* hair in the middle." At this he smiled slyly at my head, which was as bald as a billiard ball.

## II.

Before we reached the Christiania station, the General, who knew of King Oscar's arrival from Stockholm, had asked me to go to the Palace the next morning and ask when the King would receive him.

Upon alighting at Victoria Hotel we found that the unbearable German courier had behaved very badly during our absence, ending with a fisticuff fight with others of his ilk. Personally, I was not surprised.

Next morning I went to the Palace and asked for an audience with the King. The



FROGNER, THE OLD GADE HOMESTEAD, NOW THE CITY MUSEUM OF OSLO

present chief of the court, Theodor Frölich, was then His Majesty's Chamberlain of the Bedchamber, having succeeded my deceased brother, Herman. Frölich asked me to wait until the King had finished breakfast. I was shown into his office shortly afterwards, and King Oscar spoke at length and with great feeling about Herman who had been his confidential friend and whom he missed deeply. At last he remembered that I had come on another matter, and said he would receive Grant that same day, after the Cabinet meeting. He added that he was going to give a banquet for Grant the following day, and also that immediately after Grant had made his call, he would return it at the hotel. He instructed me, probably as a point of etiquette, that I must be responsible for Grant's not being in when he returned the call. I answered that I would do my best to take the General driving, to which the King said: "That is your lookout, Gade." I took the liberty of remarking that Mrs. Grant accompanied her husband, but was told at once that nothing could be done about that, as Queen Louise was not in Norway. Crown Prince Gustaf, who was then a young man of nineteen, happened to enter the room and was told by his father that he must be present when General Grant called.

I returned to the Victoria, and as soon as I heard that the Cabinet meeting was over, I suggested ordering a carriage and driving to the

Palace. The General would not consent to this, for he said he had had no morning walk. So we started on foot, the General smoking a cigar, which he threw away at the Palace Gate.

I remained outside with the courtiers while Grant and King Oscar talked together. The moment we were out of the Palace and past the saluting sentinels, Grant took out fresh cigars for himself and me. Just as we had lit them I was so lucky as to catch sight of a vacant cab in which I devoutly hoped to keep the General until King Oscar's call at the hotel had been made. Grant agreed to my suggestion to see the lovely fjord from the reservoir at St. Hanshaugen. There we sat as long as I could politely delay him. I felt at last that we could safely return to the hotel. Old Persen, the owner, the head-waiter, and his assistants were all most excited and gratified at the honor paid to the hotel by the call of the King and the Crown Prince, but both Grant, who knew nothing about it, and I, who knew everything, took it with perfect calm.

There was a great crowd in the courtyard of Victoria Hotel, waiting to see the General before we drove to the royal dinner party. I think they expected to see the renowned fighter dressed in the uniform of a lieutenant-general, when he drove to the royal dinner-party given in his honor. In this they were, however, disappointed. Grant had sent his uniforms back to America after leaving England, and wore mufti just like any ordinary citizen.

Of course he entered the carriage first. When I followed, I saw to my horror that he had left the right hand seat vacant. I took the liberty of asking him kindly to move over, but he would not budge. He told me emphatically to sit where I was, and that he would listen to no further remonstrances. I was thus, to my mortification, obliged to drive up Karl Johan occupying the place of honor, probably incurring the surprise and criticism of such good citizens as we passed.

A very representative gathering of the country's highest civil and military officers were assembled at the Palace dressed in full uniform, with decorations. We were shown into the hall set aside for Cabinet members and the higher court dignitaries, where we waited for the King and Crown Prince to arrive. General Grant and I were standing apart looking at the guests when Statsminister Kjærulf, who headed the Norwegian Ministry's Office in Stockholm, came up to me and asked me to introduce the members of the Ministry to General Grant. I did so, mentioning each gentleman by name as well as the department he headed. No one shook hands, General Grant having probably had more than enough of that in the White House. A moment later, the Chamberlain on duty came up to me on behalf of the Prime Minister, Fredrik Stang, who was then the head of the Government, and asked



me to introduce General Grant to him. I was surprised to receive such a request from this well bred, tactful statesman, but realized at once that he had not considered the matter, and that the American General and late President, who was the King's guest of honor, could not be taken up and introduced either by me or anyone else to anyone in Norway except the King alone. I therefore replied that I regretted that I was unable to introduce General Grant to his Excellency Prime Minister Stang. I had, however, a few minutes later, the satisfaction of seeing the Prime Minister cross the floor towards us, when there was naturally no further hindrance to introducing him. The Prime Minister showed no resentment whatever at my behavior, when later he talked to me about General Grant. Perhaps he realized that my answer had been entirely correct.

General Grant sat at dinner between the King and Stang. When the King told me afterwards that he had missed some of what Grant had said during their conversation, I felt this was probably due to the brass instruments of the band which made such a frightful noise that it almost deafened us.

There were no speeches, which surely suited the General. He impressed everyone as quiet and unostentatious. Strict court etiquette—of which the small Norwegian court needed little—would have seemed to Grant both foreign and tasteless.

General Grant and his wife spent their last day in Norway quietly out at Frogner, where we sat for a long time in the linden walk exchanging confidences under the trees. We spoke about the coming long trip around the world, which was to begin with a journey through Sweden and Russia.

I never saw General Grant again, but thought of him with much sympathy during the long suffering and the adversity which darkened his last days.



## The Happy Heart of Sweden

By LILLIAN S. LOVELAND

WHEN the Göta Canal was built a hundred years ago, it was considered a marvel of engineering skill, and it is still serving the people of Sweden efficiently and economically. By means of the canal and connecting lakes, one may travel through the heart of Sweden, from the beautiful capital, Stockholm, in the east, to Gothenborg in the west. The three days' journey is a leisurely, peaceful one, yet to the traveler from other lands, particularly to the American, it is filled with interest and charm, even excitement, for everything is so different, so colorful, picturesque, and unusual.

The little steamer *Baltzar von Platen*, named in honor of the great engineer who built the canal, was lying at its dock beneath the old Riddarholm Church. It seemed like a pretty toy compared to the great ocean liner on which we had crossed the Atlantic; nevertheless it accommodates forty cabin passengers, a small crew, and a few "deck passengers." The tiny salon is like a bandbox; the dining room with its paneled, hand-painted, flower-bedecked walls and ceilings, curtained windows, and two long tables covered with hand-woven linen and vases of brilliant flowers, is most attractive. On the two decks are plenty of big wicker chairs and cloth-lined tarpaulins or rugs for the use of the passengers. One does not have to rent a steamer chair or a rug on these boats!

We left the dock about noon, passing close to Stockholm's famous City Hall. We sailed in and out among the hundreds of islands in Lake Mälaren, past palaces, museums, and churches, the Royal Opera House, and other magnificent public and private edifices; on through the winding Södertälje Canal, and towards evening came out upon the Baltic Sea, amongst the numerous wooded islands that make up the Baltic Archipelago.

As the sunset hour approached, we were entranced with the spectacle before us. There had been thunder-storms earlier, and now in the east there were three rainbows visible at one time. The whole sky with its fantastic and unusual cloud formations was illuminated and colored by the brilliant hues and golden beams of light breaking through the dark cloud masses. All this glory and beauty was reflected in the calm and mirror-like waters of the Baltic. A little schooner with sails full set passed between us and the setting sun, and I thought of Coleridge's line in "The Ancient Mariner"—"a painted ship upon a painted ocean."



THE CANAL IS SO NARROW THAT THE PASSENGER SITTING ON THE DECK FEELS ALMOST AS IF HE WERE GLIDING OVER THE FIELDS

A Japanese gentleman, a graduate of the Sorbonne, stood silent and reverent, drinking in the wonder and beauty of it all. Near by sat an American, a successful Chicago business man. He was reading a novel and smoking, and scarcely glanced at the sunset.

The next morning we awakened to find ourselves going through a lock. Presently a rosy-cheeked country woman stuck her head into our open porthole with a basket of sweet cherries. Our boat was waiting in the lock for the water to fill in and raise it to the next level, and the alert cherry vendor caught us just as our porthole passed her on its way up. Of course we bought her cherries and they were delicious!

Our meals were prepared and served by two smiling, typically Swedish maidens—Hildur and Ingrid, and were so good we could hardly wait for the gong to sound. Cooking is truly a fine art with the Swedish people, and they spend infinite pains and skill in the preparation of food.

It was lovely to lie in a wicker chair on deck hour after hour and watch the charming countryside glide by. In one large field men were cutting the luxuriant growth of red clover with long swinging strokes of the scythe, and women were following after with rakes. No modern farm machinery here, but peace and plenty on every hand! In some places the clover or grain was hung up on a stout pole, much as our



THE LITTLE REMOVABLE BRIDGES OF THE GÖTA CANAL MAKE AN ACCENT IN THE SMOOTH SHORE LINE

New England farmers dry their bean crop. A jolly fat horse pulling an empty hay cart trotted gaily ahead of us on a grassy road for more than a mile, until his driver turned him in to a field of neat haycocks. He traveled quite a bit faster than we did!

That evening after dinner we sat out on the fore end of the upper deck. The *von Platen* made its way among numerous rocky islands in Lake Viken, and then into the canal again. Avenues of tall, handsome trees lined the banks on either side. The water in the canal was as smooth and shining as a mirror, and reflected the silvery sky, the fleecy clouds, and the graceful trees—the “maiden birches” loveliest of all!—with photographic fidelity, and made a picture never to be forgotten.

Later that same evening, our good-natured captain stopped the boat, put out a plank, and let us step off on the grassy path along the canal. It was very pleasant walking on that fern and flower-bordered path in the summer twilight with the arching trees overhead and the glimmering canal beside us!

It was always interesting to see the funny little bridges slide back on steel tracks as our boat approached and to watch the gates of the locks open or close as we passed through. The motive power for operating both the gates and the bridges was supplied by women, sometimes an old woman with a kerchief on her head, sometimes a young girl in a

neat cotton dress. They turned a huge wheel by means of a handle or lever attached to the rim of the wheel.

We got off at a small picturesque village, Borensborg, and walked about for half an hour while the *von Platen* took on freight. There were charming little wooden houses and quaint shops, mostly painted red with white trimmings, and lovely gardens with flowers of the most vivid and brilliant colors. A sparkling, crystal-clear river rushed and sang through the village in marked contrast to the calm and quiet canal beside it.

Learning at first hand about "deck passengers" was a new experience to most of us. There were five on board the *von Platen*: a neat, quiet old gentleman dressed in black; a sweet, shy young girl, and two tanned, bare-headed young men in khaki, accompanied by a young woman, also tanned, bare-headed, and in khaki. They all carried their own blankets or quilts, pillows and food, and had to remain on the lower deck or in the hold. The old gentleman was an evangelist and smilingly gave me a little tract in exchange for the cherries which I shared with him. The young girl was traveling alone from Russia to Germany. The other three were German students on a tramping trip. They were wholesome, fine young people and we enjoyed talking with them as they spoke good English. They got off at Vänernborg, each with an enormous knapsack, and in addition the girl carried a camera, one of the boys a violin, and the other a fishing rod.

The "high spot" historically of our trip was the stop at the old town of Vadstena, where we visited the old Vasa castle and the church and nunnery of St. Birgitta.

The "high spot" industrially was the gigantic hydroelectric plant at Trollhätten which develops 170,000 horse-power from the falls of the Göta River. There was still plenty of water left to give us a thrill as we looked down from a high platform upon the great falls and the tumbling, swirling cascades below. Here new and modern electrically operated locks had taken the place of the old.

Gothenborg, the end of our journey, is a modern city with an extensive harbor, handsome buildings, broad avenues, and beautiful parks, but it can still boast of an ancient city "within the moats" where picturesque old houses, narrow streets, and quiet canals remind one of other days.

We were loath to bid farewell to our genial captain and first mate; our smiling waitresses, and the kind and motherly stewardess; to say nothing of our forty-odd pleasant fellow passengers. But it was one of the chief charms of this leisurely journey in our comfortable little steamer, that we had grown to feel that we were all members of one big family traveling through a happy land.



## Competition for the Decoration of Oslo Crematory

*By* JOHAN H. LANGAARD

**I**T HAS LONG BEEN merely a question of time when the Crematory at Oslo should receive its artistic adornment, for it presents conditions particularly favorable to monumental painting. Moreover, the efflorescence which Norwegian decorative art has experienced in the course of the last twenty years in such painters as Axel Revold, Per Krohg, and Alf Rolfsen made it clear that we had men of a stature to cope with the requirements of the task. Nor has the competition, which was announced last spring for the solution of the problem and which closed the first of September, disappointed expectations. Some fifteen designs were submitted in all, and of these at least four may be characterized as particularly promising. The first prize was awarded to Alf Rolfsen whose design—which he reckons will take him four years—was commissioned. Rolfsen, who is a man in the middle thirties, can already look back on a long series of monumental paintings done in fresco, of which, among others, we might mention the guild hall in the Artisans' House in Oslo and the choir in Stiklestad church. Both from the artistic and from the more literary point of view his plan for the decoration of the Crematory may be said to be decidedly superior. In the broader sense, the decision of the jury may be regarded as a brilliant triumph for a distinct trend in Norwegian decorative art. I might call this tentatively the monumental-artistic in contrast to the style which is purely and simply a matter of ornamentation and embellishment.

Both on account of its peculiar purpose and on account of its area the Crematory looms as the most important task with which Norwegian artists have thus far been confronted. One thousand square meters are divided into unbroken, frequently large, surfaces in the building. It is constructed in the form of a basilica with three naves. Each nave is covered by a vaulted ceiling of which the center one is the largest and highest. The end wall is dominated by a rose window placed high in it. A decided rise towards the rear is felt within the building, and this perhaps would seem to give the impression of its being rather short.

Rolfsen has accommodated himself to the architectonic rhythm in masterly fashion. He has managed to allow the rich and diverse figure presentation of the side walls to culminate in the decoration of the rear picture. He has wisely excluded figure painting from the vaults. Over them rests only the quiet and repose of the starry heavens like a great





DECORATION FOR THE REAR WALL

blue tent. A more complicated decoration of this part would merely have tended to distract the attention from the seat of the catafalque in front of the rear wall. And when the rhythm of the room halts—I am thinking here of the rather short distance from the entrance to the catafalque which might give the feeling that the rear wall was pressing in on one—Rolsen knows how to treat such less happy conditions. Above the catafalque he has painted the tree of life, at the roots of which man and woman rest in the sleep of death. But their souls are rising up towards a space which one senses behind the foliage of the tree, the heavenly Jerusalem in blue silhouette, which, by its ethereal

color, gives the room an appearance of increased depth and width.

Alf Rolfsen accompanied his design with a strikingly brilliant and poetical description, of which the following is a part:

"The stillness of the starry firmament rests over the central nave of the Crematory, and in the triumphal arch above the catafalque is the Hand stretching forth from the cloud, the symbol of God.

"Far below this vast repose the room is surrounded by a series of pictures, of which the main theme is mankind and the tree, the symbol of growth, life. Surrounded by life, which he belongs to, which contends with him, which conquers or is conquered by him, man bears within himself the seed of life. In mankind grows the tree. Alive the new child is born from the womb of the woman, life of her life, flesh of her flesh, and proceeds along the way when her own body goes into the great metamorphosis which blots out its form and transforms its matter into smoke which mingles with the air, which the plants drink in, into earth from which growth comes again. In itself continuation, coherence, rhythm, in itself a semblance of the indestructible—such is the picture of life. And beyond that we cannot see. We cannot see into the space of which we catch a glimpse beyond death."

As the further reading of the description shows, the plan is impressively thought out as an idea. And if one really delves into it seriously, it soon becomes clear how the idea borrows something essential to its fascinating double effect from the plastic structure of the room itself; for example, from the lofty elevation of the vault. The decoration and architecture are thus combined in a sincere and intimate manner which fuses these two art forms together into an indissoluble unity. Alf Rolfsen can in this way be said to have given a new accent to the conception of plasticity in Norwegian art.

But Rolfsen is no dry theorist. He is, as this design permits us to see, capable of making a personal contribution, strongly impregnated with feeling, to such great and eternal questions as life and death. By the help of "God's hand, which stretches forth from the cloud," he has fulfilled the requirement of the competition program for a central Christian emphasis in the subject matter of the decoration. But in contrast to all the other contestants, he was the only one who did not take refuge in Biblical pictures of Christ's death and resurrection. His design, this grand poem about life, embodies, none the less, an unmistakably hopeful confidence in its gripping representation of eternal cycle, perpetuation, growth. He enables us to experience more vividly the fact that people must die today, too. And yet death does not bring terror in Rolfsen's interpretation. It comes as a liberator.



INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH AT ÄPPELVIKEN

## In Memory of Finn Malmgren

By GUSTAF NÄSSTRÖM

IN THE last thirty years a string of pleasant little garden cities have grown up along the north shore of Lake Mälaren between Stockholm and Drottningholm castle. Neat one-family houses embedded in fruit trees and flower borders are seen against the background of a typical central Swedish landscape with wooded, boulder-strewn hills and gentle meadow slopes. As the homes increase in number, naturally institutional and community buildings are required to meet the needs of the growing population.

One of these suburbs, called Äppelvikén, has recently received a very fine

church edifice, which was dedicated last December by Archbishop Erling Eidem in the presence of the royal family and many other visitors. This house of worship has a peculiarly poignant interest because it is associated with a tragic event known all over the world, namely, the death of the young Swedish explorer, Finn Malmgren, who perished on the *Italia* expedition of 1928. The news of his death made a deep impression on his countrymen, and a fund was started to commemorate in some way this gifted young scientist. The question of how the fund was to be used was referred to Finn

Malmgren's mother, Fru Anna Malmgren, who lives in Äppelviken, and she expressed the wish that it should be used for a church there.

The cost of the church was far more than the money collected, and the Finn Malmgren fund was therefore applied to a special purpose, the building and decoration of the pulpit. A memorial plate at the steps leading to the pulpit bears the inscription: "Finn Malmgren, as an explorer, faithful to the death; to his comrades, an unforgettable friend; to his people, an example in heroic self-sacrifice. He died alone in the polar ice, June 1928. With loving thoughts, as a comfort to his mother in her grief, the funds for this pulpit were raised. May it speak to the present and future generations, not of the life that is extinguished, but of the life that never dies."

High above the houses and gardens of Äppelviken the church now lifts its golden cross to the sky. It rises from a rocky eminence crowned with young pines and showing patches of heather between the rocky ledges. As we ascend the slope we are struck with the manner in which the architect, Birger Borgström, has achieved an intimate harmony between the building and its environs. The warm red walls of the church are relieved by the fresh light green of the trees. It dominates but does not depress the idyllic small town market place, its campanile rising serene and slender above the medley of roofs and gables below. In the open tower hang two bells dedicated to St. Ansgar and Gustavus Adolphus.

While the campanile is Italian in feeling, the interior of the church has borrowed the form of a Roman basilica with round arches and heavy pillars. On the four granite pillars between the nave and the south aisle there are inscriptions cut in the stone with quotations from Ansgar the Apostle to the North, King Gustavus Adolphus, Archbishop Nathan Söderblom, and the poet Erik Axel Karlfeldt.

The two last named died while the church was being built. The quotations express in short pithy texts the personal, the national, the international, and the eternal life.

The decorations of the church have for reasons of economy been confined almost entirely to the choir and the pulpit. The latter is quite modern, built up in a cubic design of darker and lighter blocks of granite. On its plain surfaces are sculptured reliefs representing Bible scenes which are in some way or other applicable to the death of Finn Malmgren. In the apse is a huge fresco by the artist Hugo Borgström, a brother of the architect. It represents the scene at Golgotha treated in a plastic Renaissance style, the three crosses rising in powerful vertical lines above the varied groups of people below. It must be considered one of the finest achievements of present-day church art in Sweden.

Taken as a whole, the church combines modern practical adaptation to use with a traditional feeling.



THE CHURCH WITH THE BELL TOWER



# CURRENT EVENTS



## U · S · A ·

¶ Following the national bank holiday, President Roosevelt's message to Congress, March 29, on the control of traffic in securities recommended Federal supervision as a means to protect the investing public. Compelling full publicity, the proposed legislation would increase the liability of the officials of corporations, with severe penalties for misrepresentations. "In spite of many State statutes," the President declared in his message, "the public in the past has sustained severe losses through practices neither ethical nor honest on the part of many persons and corporations selling securities. . . . What we seek is a return to a clearer understanding of the ancient truth that those who manage banks, corporations, and other agencies, handling or using other people's money, are trustees acting for others." ¶ A program submitted by Lewis W. Douglas, Director of the Budget, reducing by \$400,000,000 the benefits, allowances, and pensions of 1,100,000 veterans and their dependents, was approved by the President on March 31, and is said to be the most sweeping reduction of government compensation to individuals in the history of the country. The cuts are to take effect at the beginning of the next fiscal year, July 1. ¶ On the basis of a finding that the cost of living declined 21.7 per cent in the last six months of 1932, as against the first six months of 1928, President Roosevelt issued an executive order imposing a flat 15 per cent pay cut on the 950,000 civilian and military employees of the Federal government. If figured on a yearly basis, the reduction is expected to add \$190,500,000 to the United States Treasury. The order supersedes the furlough plan of the Hoover administration which estimated a saving of about \$84,000,000 a year through an

8 1-3 per cent cut. ¶ The Cullen-Harrison bill, lifting a thirteen-year ban on beer and wine, became effective on April 7, after being signed by the President on March 22. The law modifies the Volstead act by legalizing and taxing beverages containing 3.2 per cent alcohol by weight, which is equivalent to 4 per cent by volume. It is estimated that the return of beer and light wines will start \$1,000,000,000 of idle money back into the channels of commerce, reemploy 1,000,000 persons and contribute \$150,000,000 of new revenue toward balancing the Federal budget. Edward B. Dunford, counsel for the Anti-Saloon League, served notice that the constitutionality of the new law would be challenged in the courts. The dry forces in general are of the opinion that legalizing beer and wines will react against the resolution for repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment already submitted to the States. ¶ Of the various measures submitted by the President to Congress, his farm relief bill was the only one to meet serious opposition by many Democrats and Republicans. The House passed the bill by a vote of 315 to 98 after two days' debate, but in anticipation of drastic modifications in the Senate, and as an effort at solution of the pressing farm mortgage problem. After the bill had been discussed in the Senate for more than a week, President Roosevelt on April 1 had a conference with the Senate Agricultural Committee with the view to speeding the measure through Congress. One of the major Senate amendments was the provision for an opening appropriation of \$100,000,000 to float the plan for artificially lifting the price of farm commodities. ¶ The Conservation Corps Bill, the fourth important measure signed by the President within less than one month after entering the White House, became operative when Secretary of Agriculture Henry A. Wallace issued a call to the Governors



of the forty-eight States to send representatives to Washington to shape a program whereby a peace-time army of 250,000 unemployed could be put to work improving the country's forests. The President's plan is to pay the members of the conservation corps \$1 a day besides food, clothing, and shelter. Among those witnessing the President's signing of the bill was Governor Gifford Pinchot of Pennsylvania, who rose to prominence as a pioneer advocate of national conservation, and as Chief Forester of the United States under Presidents Roosevelt and Taft. It is expected that part of the new conservation corps will be detailed for fire protection, including road-making in the forest land, flood control, and land reclamation as well as the direct reforestation labor. ¶ After resigning as chairman of the National City Bank and its affiliates and subsidiaries, Charles E. Mitchell was arrested on a warrant charging evasion of a tax of \$657,152.40 on an income of \$2,823,405.85 for 1929. At the instance of Senator Duncan U. Fletcher, chairman of the subcommittee of the Senate Banking and Currency Committee, in charge of the stock market and banking inquiry, a resolution was introduced in the Senate asking authority to investigate private banking houses. The particular objection of the house of J. P. Morgan and Company to an inquiry relating to its capital structure was cited as an instance where broader powers should be vested in the committee. ¶ As for the general banking status of the country, Secretary of the Treasury Woodin on March 31 stated that 265 national banks, with deposits of \$350,000,000, had on that date been restored to a 100 per cent banking function through reorganization in the ten-day period ended March 25. These 265 banks, the Secretary added, do not include the national banks originally licensed by the Treasury to resume progressive openings after the national bank holiday had been terminated. ¶ Labor leaders after a conference with Secretary of Labor Frances

Perkins, agreed upon a program of emergency relief measures, and pledged their support in general. Miss Perkins, in summarizing the result of the conference, stated that agreement was reached on many issues, an outstanding point being that child labor should be prevented, either through the adoption of a Federal amendment, or by uniform laws in the States as a means of increasing the number of jobs for adults. At the conference William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor, presented a recommendation that \$1,000,000,000 be appropriated by Congress immediately, and made available to the States for the purpose of feeding the hungry.



## DENMARK

¶ The Danish Rigsdag has passed a law defining the Government's part in the reorganization of the engineering and ship-building firm of Burmeister & Wain in Copenhagen. For many years Burmeister & Wain occupied a foremost position among Denmark's industrial enterprises. Pioneers in the development and application of Diesel motors to both sea and land transportation, the men associated with the company have been leading technical experts, and have made the products bearing the stamp of Burmeister & Wain known in all quarters of the world. The new administrative director of the company is C. A. Möller, of F. L. Smidth & Company. The concern is now divided into two separate sections, one to carry forward the manufacturing and sales, the other to deal specifically with the financial affairs of Burmeister & Wain. ¶ With regard to the difficulties of the company in the past, the investigating committee issued a statement which emphasized that the expansion policy of Burmeister & Wain came too late, and was affected by the world crisis. Large outlays of capital failed to justify themselves. A financial consolidation of the various interests was lacking, it is declared. As for the future,

Director Möller says that peace within the organization itself is paramount, and that time alone can tell just what particular lines of production will be for the best interests of the company and its shareholders. Of the new capital furnished Burmeister & Wain, the four leading banks of Copenhagen are each to supply 1,000,000 kroner. Other interests have subscribed 2,000,000 kroner of the 6,000,000 kroner preferred capital. ¶ The city of Aarhus is a notable example of a community which permits no world or national crisis to hamper its progress, and the exhibits which this Jutland municipality placed on view in the City Hall of Copenhagen, for the purpose of making its various enterprises better known, illustrated this fact. It was an entirely new method of publicity, as far as the national capital was concerned, and the event proved highly successful. Mayor H. P. Christensen of Aarhus acted the host to the great crowds that visited the exhibits from this the second largest city in Denmark. ¶ In the death of Professor Johannes Schmidt Denmark has lost a scientist who was unrivalled in his field. As a biologist and oceanographer, Professor Schmidt made great contributions to the development of marine science. Setting himself the task years ago of solving one of the great puzzles of marine life, the migrations of eels and their strange wanderings, he at last discovered that the adult eels swam from their European rivers most of the way across the Atlantic and at last, in deep parts of the ocean north of the West Indies, laid their eggs and died. The young eels began their return journey shortly after they were hatched and found their way back to their ancestral rivers in Europe. As for North American eels, Professor Schmidt found that they also migrate to deep waters in the Atlantic. Most of his investigations were made from the motor schooner *Dana* in which he sailed around the world and made other trips to Greenland and Iceland. At the time of his death Professor

Schmidt was director of the department of physiology of the Carlsberg Laboratories. ¶ *Berlingske Tidende* publishes an appeal from the Danish people in the city of Flensburg who declare that they are in great need of assistance. Unemployment is so prevalent that an official German statement says that, in the Danish municipal school, 78 per cent of the children's parents are without work. There are cases where all the children in certain families cannot attend school at the same time because they must take turns in using clothes and shoes. Pastor Noack is at the head of the committee dispensing food, and *Berlingske Tidende* asks that contributions of money be sent to the Flensburg Society and the Danebrog Society for distribution among those in greatest need. It is said that the fall of the Danish krone has stopped all trade with Denmark and that Flensburg harbor is empty of shipping.



## NORWAY

¶ The controversy between Norway and Denmark over the sovereignty of East Greenland which arose after Norway officially occupied the territory, July 10, 1931, was settled by the International Court at The Hague, April 5. By a vote of twelve to two, the Court decided against Norway, holding that Denmark owned the territory under the Kiel Treaty, signed in 1814. The verdict is a victory for Denmark, its basis going as far back as the Norwegian habitations in Greenland of the year 900. The verdict also cites the Kiel Treaty of 1814; and the Court mentions the undisputed sovereignty over the whole of Greenland, against which Norway urged that the land which she occupied in July 1931 was no man's land. The verdict was received in a dignified manner in Norway. Prime Minister Mowinkel stated that Norway, of course, would abide by the decision, and that Norway would continue to have

cordial relations with Denmark. The press editorially took the position that the Norwegian people must make the best of it, and not let the verdict impair their friendly relations with Denmark. ¶ The ill-fated Antarctic expedition headed by Captain Hjalmar Riiser-Larsen came to an abrupt end when all its dogs and most of its provisions were lost during a terrific storm that hit the ice floe on which the little expedition had pitched camp off Princess Ragnhild's Land, March 11. The three explorers, Riiser-Larsen, Olav Kjelbotn, and Finn Devold, were rescued by the Norwegian whaler *Ole Wegger*, and are now on their way back to Norway. The explorers had landed on Princess Ragnhild's Land in the middle of February with the intention of spending the winter there before they set out on their intended 3,500-mile trek across the icy continent to Louis Philippe's Land. The three men one day ventured out on the ice, believing it safe. Shortly after they had put up their tents, a storm sprang up, breaking the ice into floes. The three explorers found themselves drifting to sea on a sheet of ice no more than 10x50 yards square; on another floe forty-nine of the fifty-three dogs drifted off, besides most of the provisions and furnishings. SOS signals sent out by the wireless set which Finn Devold had brought with him were picked up by the *Ole Wegger*, which came to their rescue. ¶ A meeting was held in Oslo by the Norwegian Geographical Society in the first days of March with the purpose of devising plans by which the famous Arctic vessel *Fram* may be preserved. The name of *Fram* is inseparably linked with the names of three of Norway's greatest Arctic explorers: Fridtjof Nansen, Roald Amundsen, and Otto Sverdrup. At the meeting of the Geographical Society Mr. Magnus Poulsen, a well known Oslo architect, submitted drawings of a magnificent monument for the *Fram*. At the request of the *Fram* committee Mr. Poul-

sen had elaborated plans for a huge building, which it is the intention to erect in the innermost part of the Oslo Fjord. According to the *Norwegian Journal of Commerce and Shipping*, this building will be Egyptian in size, and in a sense, pyramidal. The highest point of the building will be 46 meters. The cost has been estimated at about 700,000 kroner. ¶ Foreign tourists visiting Norway during 1932 enriched the country by 29,300,000 kroner, which amount, according to a report recently released by the National Association for Travel in Norway, practically equals the sum brought by the total export of canned goods, or twice as much as the export of wood products. The greatest gain is due to the 132 per cent increase in visiting tourist ships (floating hotels); tourist traffic proper gained 12 per cent. Swedish tourists lead, no less than 24,000 Swedes having visited Norway during 1932. Tourists from the United States hold second place, 8,800 Americans having arrived during that year. Other nationalities are: Danes, 8,600; Englishmen, 5,400; and Germans, 3,300. All in all, 77,275 tourists visited Norway last year. ¶ Statistics now available show that 2,270,678 liters of beer were consumed in Norway during the month of January. In the corresponding month of 1932 the turnover amounted to 2,638,678 liters, and the figures for January 1931 were still higher—2,780,251. This marked decline in the consumption of beer has caused widespread comment. ¶ Fifteen Norwegian seamen and officers were lost when the Oslo steamer *Hinnöy* was blown up by a mysterious explosion in the Indian Ocean March 16. The thirteen surviving members of the crew were picked up by a Japanese freighter. ¶ Last month a representative of the Library of the University of Oslo returned from Nörholmen, Knut Hamsun's home, with five big boxes of Hamsuniana, which the author presented to the collections of the library. The bulk of

the collection consists of seventy volumes of his works translated into foreign languages; a number of sets of proofs of his books in Norwegian, personally corrected by Hamsun; several manuscripts of his books, essays, and lectures.



## SWEDEN

¶ An extensive program of railway electrification has been adopted in Sweden, partly as a measure against unemployment and partly because of the low prices of materials prevailing at present. The plan calls for the electrification of more than 65 per cent of the total traffic of the government-owned roads by 1936 or 1937. In 1926-27 the trunk line across Sweden between Gothenburg and Stockholm was electrified, and now the still more important line between Stockholm and Malmö, at the extreme south, measuring some 600 kilometers, is being rebuilt. Malmö is an important railway city because here the express trains from the capital are routed via sea-train ferries across the Baltic to Hamburg, Berlin, and other Continental cities. It is also the starting point for the air service across the Baltic, coordinated with the trains. Axel Granholm, head of the Swedish State Railways, next plans to electrify the line from Stockholm northward to Ånge, located some 485 kilometers from the capital in the province of Jämtland, visited annually by many winter-sports enthusiasts. This work would help to give the northern part of Sweden a quicker connection with the southern and western parts of the country and with the European continent. Mr. Granholm also plans to convert the so-called West Coast Line from steam to electricity. This runs from Gothenburg to Malmö and measures 300 kilometers. ¶ Practically all phases of public life and national activity are included in the preliminary list of proposed public works to be started in and around Stockholm in 1933 and 1934 as a means

of reducing unemployment in Sweden. The large sums proposed in the budget plan of the Swedish Government will be spent for purposes varying from new roads and railways to extensions of museums and restoration of a ruined castle. Athletic fields, radio stations, bathing beaches, and airports will be constructed. Lightships and airplanes will be built and new public buildings erected. ¶ When the competition closed for the new city plan in Stockholm no less than 239 entries were announced. At the closing hour only 111 proposals were actually on hand, but the customs authorities reported that they had twelve plans from the United States and 116 telegrams had arrived, announcing that entries were on their way. All those will be considered. The judges, who have an appropriation of 60,000 kronor for prizes and purchases of plans, are Harry Sandberg and Yngve Larsson of the Stockholm Municipal Council; Professor Hermann Jansen of Berlin; George L. Pepler, an architect of London; Ragnar Östberg, designer of the Stockholm City Hall; E. Gunnar Asplund, architect of the 1930 Exposition and the Stockholm City Library; Carl Bergsten, chief designer of the interior of the motorliner *Kungsholm*; A. Lilienberg, head of the city planning commission of Stockholm; and G. Ahlbin, an editor of *Svenska Dagbladet*. ¶ One of the largest and most up-to-date nursing homes in Europe is now being completed by the Swedish State Pensions Board, at Nynäshamn, a seaside resort near Stockholm. The Swedish Government has to pension every Swedish subject, irrespective of age, as soon as he or she is without means of existence and unable to work for a living. In order to prevent premature disability, the Pensions Board has established a number of nursing homes in different parts of the country, accommodating approximately 600 patients, who receive free treatment. The latest institution of this kind can receive about 250 patients and has been equipped with the most modern installa-



tions for the curing of all kinds of ailments, such as rheumatism, nervous disorders, asthma, etc. Five experienced physicians and a large staff of assistants and nurses are in charge of the medical work, and the new home has hundreds of patients' rooms and wards, a laboratory, terraces, and galleries for sunbaths, and a gymnasium. The patients are employed in different ways with carpentry, handicraft, gardening, bookbinding, etc., and there is a large assembly hall, where lectures, stage performances, and film shows are given. The result of the work at these nursing homes hitherto has been very encouraging, inasmuch as about 60 per cent of the patients treated have regained their ability to earn their own living. ¶ The annual debate in the Swedish Riksdag about the abolition of the monarchy and the establishment of a republic proceeded in the usual well ordered manner, and the bill, introduced each year by the Communists and the Social-Democrats to relieve King Gustaf of his position, was quickly and quietly turned down. Stockholm has grown well acquainted with this suggestion for reform, voiced once a year in the National Parliament. The debate is regarded as an annual event, like the circus. The theoretical believers in a republican form of government have their say, and that is the end. The debate has never developed into a criticism against the present King personally. He is, in fact, held in affectionate regard by members of all political factions. This year the discussion was briefer and tamer than in a long time. King Gustaf will soon observe his seventy-fifth anniversary, and the speakers for the republican cause dwelt more upon his long and faithful service in behalf of Sweden and the Swedes than upon the desirability of a change in government. ¶ The city population in Sweden was 2,065,140 at the beginning of this year. This means that the population increased in eighty-five cities with 25,378 and decreased in twenty-eight cities with 1,531. In two cities it remained unchanged.

## NORTHERN LIGHTS

### The Norwegian-Americans in Chicago

American citizens of Norwegian descent will be represented on Norway Day, June 20, at the Century of Progress Exposition in Chicago. The concert bands of Luther College in Decorah, Iowa, and Concordia College in Moorhead, Minnesota, will play and there will also be a large choir. It is expected that a band concert will be given on board the *Sörlandet*, the student training ship sent by the Norwegian government to the exposition. The parade will be led by the cadets of the ship.

### Mrs. Klitgaard Receives Fellowship

In the list of those who have been awarded fellowships by the Guggenheim Foundation this spring is the artist Mrs. Georgina Klitgaard, of Bearsville, New York. Mrs. Klitgaard has exhibited her paintings and lithographs in the Art Institute of Chicago, in the Carnegie International, and other galleries. She was represented with a landscape in the American Art Exhibition sent to Stockholm under the auspices of the American-Scandinavian Foundation in 1930.

### Of Swedish Descent

The new Secretary of the Navy, former Senator Claude A. Swanson of Virginia, is a descendant of one of the Swedish settlers on the Delaware who came in the seventeenth century. His first ancestor on American soil was Sven Svensson who was himself born in Sweden. After Svensson's death his widow and children donated the ground, in what is now South Philadelphia, on which the old block-house originally serving as a church was built and on which the Gloria Dei Church still stands.

### Charles XII Film Seen Here

The film *Charles XII* which some years ago was shown with great success in Sweden and also in Norway, has now been produced in the Fifth Avenue Playhouse



in New York. It is a silent film, directed by Victor Sjöström with Gösta Ekman as King Charles, and is excellent enough to attract spectators even where the interest is not enhanced by that patriotic glamour which in Sweden always rests over the figure of the hero King.

#### Prince Wilhelm Planning New Expedition

Sweden's royal explorer and writer, Prince Wilhelm, youngest son of King Gustaf, is planning a new adventure, a trip among the cliff dwellers of Tunisia, said to be a very barbaric tribe. The Prince is now living in Ezé, on the French Riviera, where he has built for himself a house called the Eagle's Nest because of its location on top of a craggy mountain. Here he has written several novels, plays, and short stories. His African journey may be extended to the oasis Rhadames, located in Italian Tripoli.

#### "Ghosts" to be Played in New York

George H. Brennan, the producer who more than a quarter of a century ago ran Ibsen's *Ghosts* for a whole season in New York with Mary Shaw as Mrs. Alving, announces a revival of the play. The Swedish actress Hilda Englund, who appeared in a special performance of *Ghosts* some years ago, will play Mrs. Alving. Björn Koefod, who is said to have achieved success in Denmark in the part of Oswald, will take that rôle here.

#### Amundsen's Home to be Saved

Through the generosity of former Minister Herman Gade, the home of Roald Amundsen, Uranienborg, at Svartskog will be preserved. Mr. Gade has offered the place to the Norwegian State upon condition that a sufficient sum should be appropriated to take care of it. He has expressed a desire that one of Amundsen's former shipmates should live there, but that the house should otherwise stand as an Amundsen museum. The government of Norway has accepted the offer.

#### Swedish Sculpture to Edinburgh

Seven distinguished Swedish sculptors will exhibit in Edinburgh this spring under the auspices of the Academy of Art in that city. Among exhibitors is the veteran sculptor Christian Eriksson whose outdoor monuments will be remembered by visitors to Stockholm and Saltsjöbaden. His gigantic reliefs adorning the Dramatic Theater in Stockholm are regarded as perhaps his most important works.

#### A Sunken Treasure

Fourteen barrels of gold coins are supposed to be on an ancient Russian sailing vessel which sank in the war of 1719 off the coast of Finland. Old documents were found which bore out the tale long told by people in the archipelago of Helsingfors. Attempts will now be made to bring this treasure to light, and if the gold is found it will be evenly divided between the Marine Museum in Stockholm and the Sveaborg Museum in Helsingfors.

#### Julia Clausen Sings in Stockholm

The Swedish operatic star, Madame Julia Clausen, for many years associated with the Metropolitan, in New York, appeared at the Royal Opera in Stockholm as Amneris, in *Aida*, thirty years after she had made her début in the same part and on the same stage. She received a hearty ovation and high praise from the Stockholm music critics.

#### Danish-Americans to Honor Grundtvig

As it is this year the 150th anniversary of the birth of Grundtvig, founder of the Danish Folk High Schools, a party of Danish-Americans will visit their homeland with the special purpose of staying a fortnight in the folk high schools of Ollerup and Elsinore. The leader of the tour from this side is Mr. Aage Möller of Danebod, and Mr. Peter Manniche of Elsinore will take charge of the visitors when they arrive in Denmark.

# THE AMERICAN SCANDINAVIAN FOUNDATION

*For better intellectual relations between the American and Scandinavian peoples,  
by means of an exchange of students, publications, and a Bureau of Information*

ESTABLISHED BY NIELS POULSON, IN 1911

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**Associates:** All who are in sympathy with the aims of the Foundation are invited to become Associates. Regular Associates, paying \$3.00 annually, receive the REVIEW. Sustaining Associates, paying \$10.00 annually, receive the REVIEW and CLASSICS. Life Associates, paying \$200.00 once for all, receive all publications.

## Fellows of the Foundation

Dr. Sture Holm, Fellow of the Foundation from Sweden, who has been visiting American Astronomical Observatories, sailed for home on March 18. Dr. Holm, who is Professor of Astronomy at the University of Lund, spent the larger part of his stay in the United States at the Lick Observatory in California.

Mr. Jens Mathias Yde, Fellow of the Foundation from Denmark, sailed for home on March 29. Mr. Yde has been studying for two years at the Peabody Museum at Harvard University and for the past year had been assistant to Professor Tozzer.

Miss Signe Borlind, Fellow of the Foundation from Sweden, arrived in New York on March 14. Miss Borlind, who is principal of a school at Uddeholm, Sweden, expects to study household economics at the College of Agriculture in the University of Wisconsin, and also at Cornell University.

Mr. Eigil Harby, Fellow of the Foundation from Denmark, who is studying at the Harvard Business School, spent the spring vacation in New York.

## In Worcester, Massachusetts

The Worcester (Odin Club) Chapter of the Foundation at a recent meeting

elected Mr. G. Adolph Johnson president for the coming year. Other officers elected were Arthur Malm, vice-president; C. Edward Peterson, secretary; B. Elmer Petersen, treasurer; Russell Anderson, auditor.

## In Boston

The regular monthly meeting of the American-Scandinavian Forum was held at Phillips Brooks House, Harvard University, on Thursday evening, March 30. Miss Ann M. Brodbine gave an illustrated lecture on Iceland, Spitzbergen, and Norway, and Mrs. Helen Brodbine Rose, formerly of the San Carlo Opera Company, presented a program of Norwegian songs.

## The New York Chapter

The regular monthly Club Night of the New York Chapter was held in the Grill Room of the Hotel Plaza on March 17. Count Felix von Luckner, the famous German sea-raider and sportsman, gave a spirited account of his adventures during the war, and a delightful musical program was presented by Miss Lillian Gustafson, soprano, accompanied by Mr. Conrad Forsberg. The invited guests were the Consul General of Denmark and Mrs. Georg Bech, and the hosts were Miss Margit Hjørnevik and Dr. C. Gunnar Molin.

On Saturday, May 6, a dinner-dance will be held on the motorship *Kungsholm* of the Swedish American Line for the benefit of the Fellowship, donated annually by the Chapter to the Foundation for sending an American to study in one of the Scandinavian countries. Tickets costing \$5.00 may be procured from Dr. C. Gunnar Molin, 180 State Street, Brooklyn, or at the offices of the Foundation, 116 East 64th Street, New York City.

#### Herman Wildenvey

A small tea was given at the Foundation House, 116 East 64th Street, New York, on March 17 in honor of Herman Wildenvey, the Norwegian poet who was making a brief visit in this country, staying while in New York with Mr. and Mrs. Percy Grainger. Mr. Wildenvey sailed for Norway the following day.

#### Fellow's Publication

The Foundation Library has received a copy of *Geology of the Mt. Gausta Region in Telemark, Norway*, by Dorothy Wyckoff, Fellow of the Foundation to

Norway. Miss Wyckoff published this dissertation in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy at Bryn Mawr College.

#### New Swedish Fellowship Fund

The Swedish General Electric Company ASEA recently celebrated its fiftieth anniversary at the same time as its president, J. Sigfrid Edström, commemorated the thirtieth anniversary of his office. During his presidency the company has grown into a great and powerful institution. In the course of the years certain sums have been set aside and left to accumulate so that now it was possible at the fiftieth jubilee to distribute donations amounting in all to 750,000 kronor. Among these was a fund of 100,000 kronor for fellowships. This fund is turned over to Sverige-Amerika-Stiftelsen, of which Mr. Edström is president, having succeeded the late Archbishop Söderblom. The interest of the fund is to be used for fellowships for electrical engineers for study abroad, preferably in the United States.

## THE REVIEW AND



## ITS CONTRIBUTORS

Faarevejle Church in western Sjælland has become a tourist attraction because it contains the mummy of the once famous Earl of Bothwell, who died at the nearby Dragsholm Castle after five years' imprisonment. Old readers who have bound copies of the REVIEW may like to turn back to the number for May 1925 in which Signe Toksvig describes a visit to the church. . . . Charles Wharton Stork writes to the editor: "After translating and writing so much in your pages, may I be allowed to express my personal reactions on Scandinavia? Seventeen years of devotion to the Glamour of the North

should entitle one to express one's opinion." We agree with him, and believe our readers will enjoy Mr. Stork's tribute to Scandinavia. . . . Bernt Löppenthin is editor of a magazine on ornithology and a writer on bird and animal life. By profession he is a physician. . . . Lillian B. Loveland is an American woman, a resident of Massachusetts, and an enthusiastic traveller. . . . Johan H. Langaard is secretary and librarian of the National Museum at Oslo. . . . Gustaf Näsström is a well known writer on subjects of art and literature in the Swedish newspapers and magazines.

Professor W. D. Ennis, head of the department of economics at Stevens Institute of Technology, writes to our Trustee, Mr. James Creese, regarding the two articles in our March number, "The Monetary Problem of the North," by Wilhelm Keilhau, and "The Crisis as It Affects the Danish Farmer," by A. C. Kaarsen. He says: "I was most impressed with Keilhau's topic IV, that is, that the tabular standard is better from the economic than from the legal standpoint. I note also from Kaarsen's article that following inflation (the impolite name for it is repudiation) there came about a panic on the part of credit. That is what I fear for us now. You cannot have a revival of business without confidence in the security of investments, and the events recent, pending, and threatening are all pointing toward insecurity. It is also rather shocking to notice the dependence of Danish agriculture on borrowed capital. I have wondered about European practice as compared with ours in relation to the matter of using your own money or somebody else's for your ventures."

In forwarding Professor Ennis's letter, Mr. Creese writes: "The article on the Danish Crisis supports the theory that the Scandinavian countries are particularly good observation ground for the student of international economic warfare. The picture of Denmark twisted by the arbitrary economic legislation of England and Germany, incapacitated in the performance of necessary productive work by the presence of tariffs, cheated by the fluctuations of currency, and pinched by selfish nationalism, brings into a small and easily investigated space the conflict of international economics."

From Miss Caroline Bengtson, of Hastings, Nebraska, we have received interested comment on Manne Hofrén's article, "Kalmar Castle, the Key to Sweden," in our March number. Miss Bengtson, who has been for years a teacher of economics, writes that the article made her reread Linné's *Öländska Resa*. She found that the famous botanist had been sent in 1741 to the islands of Öland and Gotland, charged by the Riksdag with the task of finding plants that might relieve Sweden of the necessity of importing certain drugs and dyes, and also of finding clays useful for making porcelain, fulling cloth, and manufacturing tobacco pipes. It was the "Buy Swedish" movement of that age. In his spare time he was to botanize, and he was asked by members of the Riksdag to investigate the plant called Man's Blood, which was reputed to grow only in the vicinity of Kalmar Castle and to have sprung from the blood of Danes and Swedes fallen in battle. Linné was highly desirous of investigating a thing so unusual, since generally "nature continues and multiplies things already created and does not create new ones." To his disappointment he found, however, that the plant was only the ordinary elder *Sambucus Herbacea*, which grows wild both in Germany and in Växiö, Sweden. It was a plant much in demand by apothecaries, who utilized the roots, berries, juice, and bark. From the berries a fine purple dye was made. In spite of this pronouncement, the romantic story has persisted to our day. We are grateful to Miss Bengtson for this sidelight on history.





## HISTORY

**Northmen of Adventure: A Survey of the Exploits of Dominant Northmen from the Earliest Times to the Norman Conquest, by Charles Marshall Smith. Longmans, Green. 1932. \$5.00.**

Writing for the general reader who seeks "informative entertainment," Charles Marshall Smith retells the story of the Northmen in a series of biographical sketches. His recital is uniformly entertaining, but not always directly informative. Quite often the reader reaches the end of an interesting narrative only to learn that the medieval account on which it happens to be based—frequently on sections of *Heimskringla*—is a source upon whose historical accuracy modern investigators disagree.

The biographical element in the book is less arresting than the author's premises and interpretations. These are a curious blend of ideas about Nordic racial supremacy and Mendelian laws of heredity. Each figure discussed is treated as "the dominant individual of a dominant race" and the term Northmen is used to mean "men of the North made dominant by an infusion of the Odinic strain." The quality of dominance—that is, the facility in making an adjustment to environment, as well as the ability to bend environment to one's needs—is sometimes imputed to individuals but more frequently to racial stocks. Certain races, it is explained, are dominant and others are recessive, and recessiveness here implies an inability to deal effectively with the environment. But in Mendelian terminology recessiveness has reference to those qualities which appear with less frequency than others in the offspring of crossed stocks. Various human *qualities* may be designated as dominant or recessive, but it does not follow that these attributes can be imputed to racial units as such.

Whether dominance be a good thing or a bad thing, we are assured by the author, is here beside the point. This objective attitude, however, frequently gives way to his admiration for the Northmen as a dominant race. He finds evidence of their dominance in their piracy, for instance, and in their fighting and killing (though he admits that in this they may have displayed a recessive dominance!) and on occasion, even in their polygamy (pp. 147, 148).

The author emphasizes the element of racial dominance for reasons partly patriotic. Extending the meaning of the term Northmen far beyond its usual connotation, he uses it to include also the early Angles, Saxons, and

Jutes in England; Alfred the Great, no less than King Canute and William the Conqueror, is numbered among the Northmen of Adventure. In fact, it is maintained that "the seed of Northern dominance" yielded its richest harvest, not in the Viking homelands, but in England, "the Isle of Compromise." From the Northmen, says the author, the British inherited their dominant qualities—"it cannot be denied that they are a dominant race"—and from the Northmen they derived their instinct for the sea, their readiness to exchange trading for fighting, their famed facility for compromise, and their ability to adapt English customs and government to different parts of the globe. The Northmen certainly pioneered in deep-sea voyaging, but some of the claims here made for them are so sweeping that they confuse rather than clarify our estimate of them, as when we are told that the vikings, so often pictured as robbers and marauders, might more readily be thought of as "intelligent students of world affairs," or that we owe to them the concept of "government by the consent of the governed."

Two chapters, that on Odin and in particular that on the Vinland voyages, may be commended to the general reader for their lucid discussions of the historical problems that have arisen in connection with these subjects. There are several illustrations of individual Northmen as these have been conceived by modern sculptors. The book's usefulness is enhanced by several helpful map sketches, an adequate bibliography, and an index.

OSCAR J. FALNES

**Norwegian Sailors in American Waters. A Study in the History of Maritime Activity on the Eastern Seaboard, by Knut Gjerset. Northfield. Norwegian-American Historical Association. 271 pages. \$2.50.**

It is with a feeling of satisfaction that a person of Norwegian birth or descent picks up this volume by the author of *History of the Norwegian People* and *History of Iceland*, and goes through its pages. While many books on Norwegian activities in the Northwest—farming, churches and schools, politics, etc.—have been available, the saga of the Norwegians on the Atlantic coast has hitherto remained unwritten. Great credit is due Professor Gjerset and the Norwegian-American Historical Association for having remedied this, in part, by taking up the subject of Norwegian sailors in American waters. For the first time we have here in connected form a story of this important phase of Norwegian participation in the making of America. As there were no convenient sources of information whatever, the author had to dig into musty files of Norwegian-American newspapers and travel up and down the coast interviewing scores of people in order to get his material together. It was high time this was done, as much interesting information would have been lost with the old generation of Norwegian shipping and seafaring men now falling rapidly away.



In the first chapters the author sketches the background of Norwegian seamanship and describes how the people of Norway, owing to the nature of their country, always have had to rely on the sea for their livelihood. Their seafaring traditions run back for thousands of years. He tells of the discovery of America by that bold sailor, Leiv Eriksson, and of other discoverers down to Roald Amundsen of our own time. There are fine chapters on "The Period of White Sails," "Norwegian Sailors in the Steamship Era," "Norwegian-American Yachting Sailors," "Fisheries and Fishermen," and on Andrew Furuseth's outstanding work in behalf of the seafaring man. But the author has not confined himself simply to a narrow story of Norwegian sailors in American waters. He paints at the same time a picture of the conditions under which the sailor worked, and the book therefore also, to a considerable extent, becomes a story of American shipping during the last hundred years.

Some day this excellent volume should be followed by one on the Norwegian people in general on the Atlantic coast.

A. N. RYGG

#### LITERATURE

**History of Norwegian Literature, by Theodore Jorgenson. Macmillan. 1933. 559 pages. \$5.00.**

This volume is the first attempt to cover in English the entire field of Norwegian literature from the runic inscriptions to the prize-winners in the last novel contest. Old Norse literature has been dealt with in a number of scholarly works, and the modern writers have also received a great deal of attention, but the long intervening period has hardly been touched. When Professor Jorgenson therefore devotes chapters to the medieval writers of sacred poems and legends, to the humanists, and to ballad literature, he is on new ground so far as popular English treatment is concerned.

The author is professor of Norwegian history and literature at St. Olaf College. His historical sense has enabled him to relate every author to his background and to carry throughout the book a well defined thread of development. This is, of course, very important, and yet the reader feels that too much stress has been laid on the historical at the expense of the critical. When, for instance, the author spends two pages on the life of Snorre Sturlason, his marriages, political machinations, etc., and only a paragraph on his great history—one of the most superb histories that have ever been written in any age—the disproportion is glaring. In other instances he mentions a book as epochal, but gives it only a brief paragraph which is quite inadequate to make us understand why it is epochal.

One does not look for originality in what is frankly a text-book, and perhaps the absence of subjective interpretation is a merit, but there should have been a more thorough treat-

ment of literary values. Some of the historical and biographical fullness of detail could have been spared. A greater nicety in the use of English might also have been expected in a literary study.

The great merit of Professor Jorgenson's work is its thoroughness and the impression of perfect reliability which it gives. The book has grown out of the notes used in his class work at St. Olaf. As there was no text-book at hand, he had to create his own, and in doing so he has made excellent use of available sources. References are listed at the end of each chapter. All in all, the book is a most welcome and valuable addition to the growing body of informative books on Scandinavian culture.

HANNA ASTRUP LARSEN

#### PHILOSOPHY

**The Diary of a Seducer, by Søren Kierkegaard. Translated by Knud Fick. The Dragon Press, Ithaca, 1932.**

One's first thought on picking up a mauve-bound book with a title like this is that here is another candidate for selling honors in the drug store. The publishers protest—a trifle too much perhaps—that nothing is further from their intentions. They propose to produce and distribute books not available otherwise "with respect and devotion, without recurring to the tactics of toothpaste and cigarette dealers." In Søren Kierkegaard they have made an excellent choice for their purpose. So far as I am aware only a few isolated samples of his work are to be found in English translation, and those in learned periodicals not likely to come to the notice of the general reader. Yet he has been described not without reason as the most remarkable man in the intellectual life of Denmark. Georg Brandes, who had wide knowledge and a detached point of view, considered him the greatest religious thinker of the nineteenth century. His *Either—Or*, of which this book forms a small but important part, has been called the greatest work of modern Danish literature, and its influence on later Scandinavian literature, has been enormous. Writers so diverse as Ibsen, Jacobsen, Fibiger, Kielland, Garborg, and Wied have been strongly affected by his passionate irony. So new a figure in Danish letters as the dramatist Kaj Munk is an ardent disciple. In the dilemma into which modern thought has been thrown by the discovery of the uncertainty behind our knowledge with the consequent breakdown of the mechanistic theories, the Kierkegaardian paradox of faith makes a fresh appeal.

Here, then, was a great unknown and vital classic awaiting translation, an excellent subject surely for the exercise of all the respect and devotion with which these publishers seem to be supplied. To have elected to bring out only this one section, with the seductive title ready made, and bind it in purple is quite within their rights. We shall not worry about

the disappointment of the drug-store Decameronian when he discovers that Kierkegaard's passion is so much more intellectual than erotic. But to publish what purports to be a translation of a classic from any literature, omitting long passages without the slightest indication of having done so, is highly reprehensible. It is not respectful. It is not devoted. It is not even honest. Besides the whole of the introduction and several of the letters to Cordelia, the reader has been deprived of such delectable digressions as the Pepysian flirtation in church with the girl with the embroidered handkerchief and the inimitable description of the buxom Danish servant girls in Frederiksborg garden of a Sunday afternoon. For even in the midst of his elaborate campaign for the conquest of Cordelia, Johannes, as becomes an esthete, is not oblivious to beauty in other forms, and to prevent its waste proposes to establish a Welfare Committee to teach these pretty girls how to dress in better taste. In these vivid and amusing scenes, unaccountably and unscrupulously omitted, we see the speculative Kierkegaard with his feet firmly planted on the solid Danish earth of Blicher and Poul Möller, of Schandorph and Wied. Mr. Fick has grappled doughtily with a difficult style and has given felicitous renderings of many of Kierkegaard's epigrammatic turns.

J. B. C. WATKINS

#### FICTION

*In God's Land*, by Martin Andersen Nexö. Authorized Translation by Thomas Seltzer. Peter Smith. 1933. \$2.50.

It sometimes happens that a publisher's blurb really describes a book accurately, and this is true of the legend on the jacket of Nexö's *In God's Land*, which says that it is "a social novel of world-wide implications, revealing the spiritual and material maladies of our time."

The Jutland farming community during the War is the world in miniature. The old ideas of honest reward for honest work have gone by the board. Everybody is engaged in juggling with values instead of creating them. Desire for easy money has inflamed the stolid farmers; and they have adopted the methods of high finance without knowing how to use them. Greed and selfishness are rampant. The once well ordered community is turned topsyturvy, and those who have the fewest scruples and are least hampered by inhibitions rise to the top.

Nexö is frankly a propagandist, and his book is a sermon extolling the old-fashioned virtues. Fortunately he is also an artist who embodies these virtues in living characters. Most appealing is Ebbe Fisker, a representative of the old order, who in his human kindness and simple wisdom is not unworthy to be set beside the engaging Father Lasse in *Pelle the Conqueror*.

In this connection it may be mentioned that the publisher, Mr. Peter Smith, has issued new editions of *Pelle the Conqueror* and *Ditte, Daughter of Man*, both of which have been out of print. They well deserve a revival. *In God's Land* is not equal to them as a story, but has much of the same charm, and as a picture of the period has documentary value.

The Danish title of *In God's Land* is *Midt i en Jerntid*. Unfortunately the translation has been done not from the Danish original but from the German version, and it is clear that the translator is not familiar with the various Danish institutions and movements that are mentioned in the story.

H. A. L.

*Servants' Entrance*, by Sigrid Boo. Translated from the Norwegian by Naomi Walford. Simon and Schuster. 1933. \$2.00.

Here is a story that is the antithesis of what is commonly referred to as Scandinavian gloom; and Scandinavians, at least on occasion, apparently have an appreciation also for lighter forms of literature, for *Servants' Entrance* (*Vi som går kjøkkenveien*) immediately entered the best-seller category on its publication in Norway a little more than a year ago. It was widely read in Sweden and Denmark as well, and has been successfully dramatized and played in the Scandinavian countries and Finland.

Helga Breder, a girl of nineteen, of good family, makes a wager that she can earn her living as a domestic servant for a year. Her experiences in the three families who successively engage her as a housemaid are told in letters to her friend and schoolmate, Grete.

With a lively pen and a gay sense of humor, coupled with keen powers of observation, she writes of her work and the people she meets. The greater part of her year is spent as parlor maid on a large country estate, and here a slight but charming love story develops, to be nearly wrecked, but finally to have a happy ending.

A. C. R.

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